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SIXPENCE.

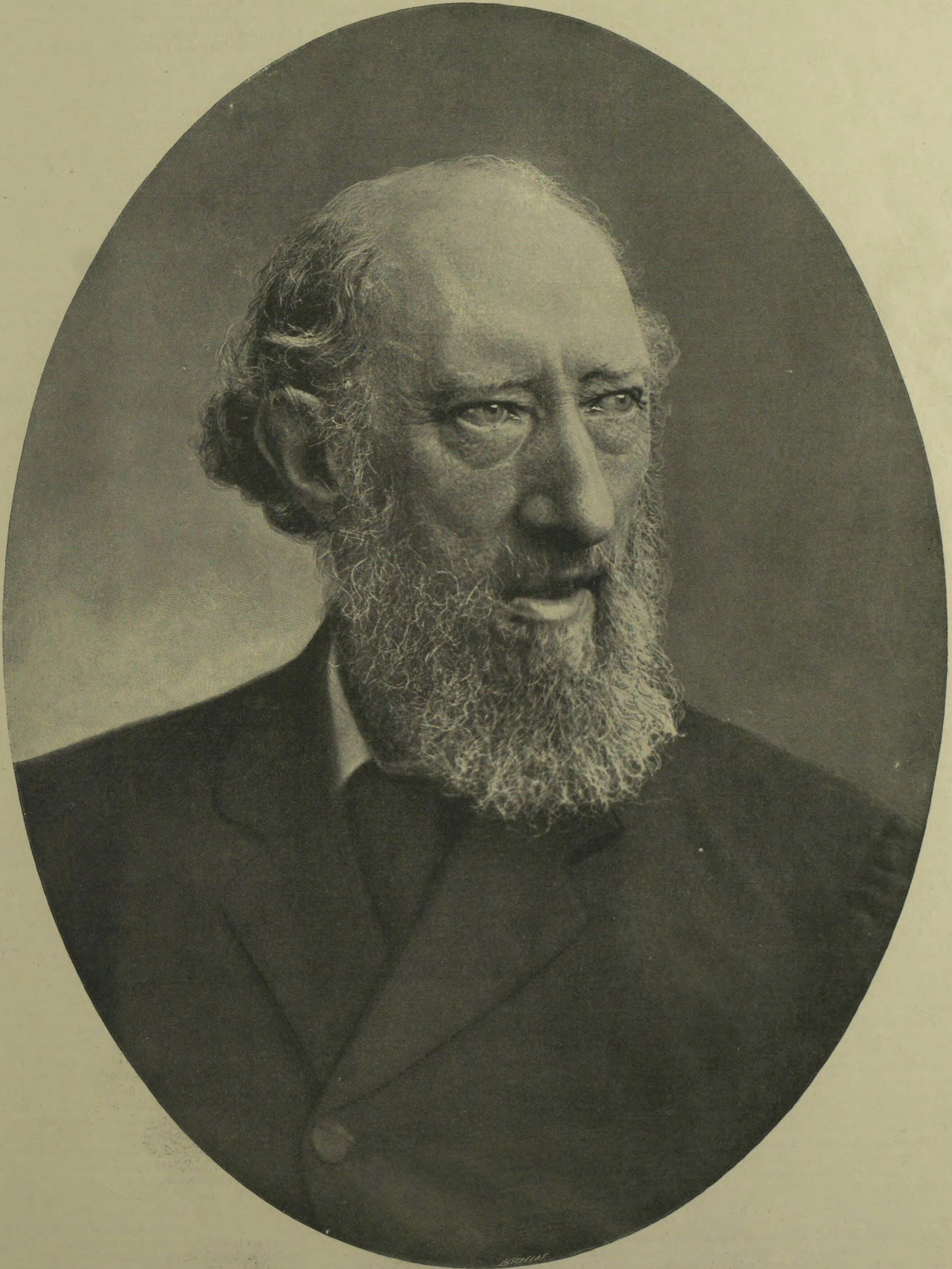


Photo. Russell.

SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER, HISTORIAN OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

BORN, MARCH 4, 1829. DIED, FEBRUARY 23, 1902.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

A lady in Boston, Massachusetts, entreats me to write about the shop-windows. I despair of imparting any freshness to this theme, and wish that by some clairvoyance I could master the ideas that must seethe in the brains of the feminine throng in Regent Street every afternoon. Windows that wear the same aspect for me day after day yield new charms to the inspired vision; but so far as I am concerned, these might as well be the gems of purest ray serene the dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear. In Liberty's window, for example, I see nothing but a green and yellow melancholy. The photographer offers me the public characters I know so well in the entirely neutral attitudes they present to the camera. If we could have photographs of Lord Rosebery when he was writing his renunciation of "C.-B.," and of "C.-B." when he read that interesting document, there would be some novelty in this particular window. Mr. William Gillette as Sherlock Holmes, thinking hard, makes a striking picture; but I have seen those thoughtful brows of his any day these four months. There are pipless oranges in the window of Mr. Solomon, the fruiterer, and there are milestones on the Dover Road.

In Piccadilly I note one symptom of the times that may interest my Boston friend. In a window which exhibits conspicuously the Stars and Stripes there is this inscription: "Pedigrees traced." This, I presume, is a hint to Americans who want to descend from the original ship's company of the *Mayflower*. Mr. Dooley remarks somewhere that distinguished immigrants who landed on the American coast from a much later vessel are anxious to keep other voyagers, who follow their example, tossing on the inhospitable main. It cannot be these people who desire to trace their pedigrees to our most ancient founts of hereditary worth. I am surprised that a branch of this industry has not been started by Mrs. Gallup, who says she has spent a great deal of time and money upon her original inquiry into the birth of Bacon. She might recoup herself famously by embarking in the pedigree business. Let her take a window in Piccadilly and inscribe it thus: "Secret cyphers discovered in family archives at the shortest notice. Pedigrees traced to Queen Elizabeth. Apply in time for the Coronation." I have no doubt that Mrs. Gallup can establish the claim of any applicant from Detroit to wear a coronet on that great day in June which already casts its shadow over us.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Oddly enough, Mrs. Gallup has not seized the significance of that line. Bacon wore the crown in his secret cypher, and it fretted him. Elizabeth was not uneasy; nor was James. Some heads in this town just now are made far more restless by the Crown of England than any head that ever wore it. The King, I imagine, views the approaching ceremony with serenity; he comes of a family that has been used to crowning for a thousand years. But some of the King's lieges are literally weighed down by the circlet of Empire. Day and night they commune with the spirits that put girdles round the earth, girdles of pictures and rejoicing prose. They rehearse the Coronation with pen and pencil, in print and emblem, until their eyelids can no longer wag; and should you invite them to sumptuous fare at the club, they answer hoarsely through the telephone that they have no time to eat and drink. The tender heart of the Boston lady must bleed at the thought of them. I beg her sympathy, too, for the uneasy heads that wear the crown in dreams of letting windows for the procession. Many householders, I believe, are anxious to form a concentration camp in Hyde Park, to sleep there in tents the night before the pageant, and let their windows for fabulous sums to visitors from America, full of pride and pedigree. One friend of mine is almost distraught. "Years ago," he groans, "I had two of the best windows on the route. Why was the gift of prophecy denied to my family?"

I relate these moving incidents so that my Boston reader may know exactly how our pulses beat. We can stand the strain of the war and the anxieties of the Coronation, and still keep a cheerful outlook on the world. I sat the other evening in the Criterion Theatre, and found the audience absorbed in the optimism of Mr. John Hare's Benjamin Goldfinch. When that delightful philosopher, after a slight aberration into cynicism, had his faith restored in wives, brothers, nephews, friends, curates, butlers, butchers, and waiters, when he pronounced a benediction which is a variant of Browning's "All's right with the world," the theatre broke into that murmur which signifies intense satisfaction. Nobody reflected that Benjamin Goldfinch's brother Gregory is a flinty curmudgeon until he has had a distinctly intoxicating luncheon at his son's expense. (This shocking idea has only just occurred to me.) The philosophy of "A Pair of Spectacles" is that we should consider the sparrows: how the greedy little beggars fight for crumbs, and show no manner of gratitude. Why should they? So, when the curtain fell, we emerged

from the theatre in the most joyous mood, each and all resolved to befriend and believe in our fellows, even when they seem to be as voracious and callous as sparrows.

That must be very comforting to the lady in Boston. And as she has, no doubt, a great regard for the national minstrelsy of her country, she will be still more pleased to learn that our optimism is further sustained by the universal strains of "The Honeysuckle and the Bee." This composition, if I mistake not, flowed from the melodious brain of Mr. John Philip Sousa, or from that marvellous left hand of his, with which I have seen him coaxing accents of unearthly beauty even from trombones. When he and his band were at Covent Garden, the trombones stood in a row, and played a piece entitled, if I remember rightly, "The Bowels of the Earth." Mr. Tree should secure it for his orchestra, so that when Ulysses, home again, kisses with ecstasy the soil of Ithaca, the trombones may express sympathy from the marrow of the island. Well, I have heard Sousa's band play "The Honeysuckle and the Bee," and I have heard the admirable minstrels who call themselves "The Serenaders" sing it with languishing passion, and I have heard it sung on every stage where anybody has a song, and I have heard it sung in the doorways of public-houses, and I sing it myself with perfect sentiment but indifferent voice. And when I assure the lady in Boston that, while most of us are singing "The Honeysuckle and the Bee," some of us are slowly widening Piccadilly, she will understand that our spiritual and mechanical enterprises are equally deserving.

It is true that Mr. John Burns has made a violent attack on the Strand and Fleet Street. What those unassuming channels of greatness have done to him I cannot imagine. He says the Strand has ruined the drama, and Fleet Street has ruined journalism. To build the National Theatre in the Strand is to write its epitaph, and to conduct a newspaper in Fleet Street, even on the highest principles and the purest cocoa, is to add carnation to the scarlet lips of shame. I gather that the National Theatre and the exemplary newspaper office must command a pleasant view of Battersea Park. This, of course, everybody will recognise to be the highest ideal; but, as they would say at Harvard University, what's the matter with Fleet Street? The Strand has struck a blow for ideals by compelling the proprietors of the old Adelphi Theatre to restore its glorious name, together with the kind of drama dear to Mr. Burns's constituents. The "Note Book" is published in the Strand. The Lyceum pit is in the Strand, and in the passage leading to that pit have struggled more enthusiasts for dramatic ideals these twenty-five years than Mr. Burns has seen in all his life. I echo Harvard again, with the approval, I am sure, of that Boston lady, by asking, "What's the matter with the Strand?"

But the wave of optimism is spreading over Europe. M. Paul de Cassagnac, prince of the duello, has joined a society in Paris for putting down duelling. I expect to hear that Professor Mommsen has written a sane article about England, and that the Germans of Munich are chastened to learn that their pleasant inventions about the British soldier have been denounced by the Germans of Durban as "devilish lies." It is true that no sooner does an old controversy burn out than a new blaze is kindled in another quarter. Here is the Chancellor of the Exchequer, one of our most sober statesmen, denounced by a clergyman for confessing that when he was at Eton he enjoyed a pint of shandygaff after a hard row on the river. The clergyman regards this as a direct incentive to debauchery in schools. Sir Michael Hicks Beach is unabashed, and will not seek to pacify his assailant by putting a special excise duty on the favourite tippie of his boyhood. But if we could only reduce our disputes to the question whether Eton should drink the gaff without the shandy, and if Americans would leave the Philippines alone, and content themselves with discussing the morality of public handshaking by the President, the world might present a more agreeable countenance to my amiable Bostonian.

An American comic paper has a cartoon of Mr. Roosevelt in his study, disturbed in the transaction of important affairs by the intrusion of a gigantic Hand. When the President holds a reception at the White House, he cannot dispose of his visitors with an amiable word here and there, and then slip back to his study, still fresh for the real business of the Republic. He has to shake hands with every blessed man and woman; and when this is done, he is too weary for any more work, and so a day is wasted. American reformers perceive that this iron-handed etiquette, designed as an eternal symbol of equality, is just as absurd as any Court ceremonial in old Europe. It is incredible that the President can want to shake every man's hand; and if he obeys tradition, instead of the natural impulse of a democratic heart, he perpetuates a sham which is no better than the shams of aristocracy. I trust my Boston friend will not think me an Anarchist.

PARLIAMENT.

The House of Lords enjoyed a debate of unwonted animation on Lord Tweedmouth's motion for the appointment of a Joint Committee of both Houses to inquire into all the "contracts and purchases" for the maintenance of the troops in South Africa. Lord Tweedmouth urged that there was a strong case for the allegation that the Government had made "extravagant and improper" contracts, and he protested against the postponement of inquiry until the end of the war. To this the Government answered that such an inquiry would demand the presence in this country of a great number of witnesses now engaged in military operations. Lord Kitchener himself would have to give evidence, and it was impossible to summon him while the war was going on. Lord Rosebery poured contempt on this argument, and asked why a Commission could not sit in London, and then proceed to South Africa. He contended that when the war was over there would be such jubilation that everybody would be tempted to let bygones be bygones. The mismanagement of the Remount Department alone demanded a far more drastic investigation than the Government were willing to sanction. Lord Salisbury held that an inquiry now would distract the attention of the overworked War Office from the public service. The motion was defeated by a majority of more than three to one.

In the Commons, Mr. Arnold-Forster explained the Navy Estimates, which showed an increase of £380,000. The most interesting proposal of the Government is to enlist Colonials in the Naval Reserve, a significant step towards the creation of an Imperial Navy. Mr. Lough and Mr. Dillon objected to any increase in our naval strength. Mr. Dillon argued that if we had kept our armaments down, other nations would have followed this example of economy. This point of view was supported by forty-one votes. Much stress was laid in the course of the debates on the naval value of our new alliance with Japan, and Mr. Edmund Robertson suggested that but for the treaty with that Power the Naval Estimates would have been much larger.

On a motion by Captain Norton for an inquiry into the working hours of railway servants, the Government were defeated by a majority of seven.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY," REVIVED
AT THE GLOBE.

As the term of life of the doomed Globe Theatre is now limited to a single month, Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson have abandoned any idea of revising that languid melodrama of Anglo-Russian politics, "The Heel of Achilles," and have instead revived Mr. Kester's popular and unsophisticated stage-romance, "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." Theirs is a wise policy, for here, at any rate, is a play which, despite its quaint travesty of Caroline history, its comical whitewashing of naughty Nell Gwyn, its anachronistic caricature of Judge Jeffreys, and its audacious employment of all the stalest tricks of conventional costume drama, has a plain story to tell, and tells that story briskly with due regard to (obviously theatrical) climax. As for the acting, the hysterical and laboured gaiety of Miss Neilson's picturesque Nell still contrasts piquantly with the polished ease of Mr. Terry's impersonation of a rather melancholy "Merry Monarch," while the newer interpreters of Jeffreys, Lady Castlemaine, and the ranting stage-veteran, Mr. Sydney Valentine, Miss Edyth Olive, and Mr. Louis Calvert, deliver their speeches with all requisite emphasis.

PROGRAMMES OF THE ALHAMBRA AND EMPIRE.

Both the great rival variety theatres of Leicester Square are just at present provided with exceptionally good entertainments. If the Alhambra has its two new "vocal and electrical" fairy ballets, "Gretna Green" and "Santa Claus," the latter, with its Amazonian figures, shining out of the darkness, as it were, in burning flesh-tight armour, a veritable revelation in the possibilities of stage-illumination, the Empire has also its couple of ballet divertissements, "Les Papillons" and "Old China"—the second, as artists innumerable admit, a perfect realisation of the tints and designs of the most famous examples of beautiful ware, ranging from Dresden to Peking. If the Alhambra, again, boasts its grand wrestling tournament, whereat Mr. Jack Carkeek challenges all comers, the Empire has its phenomenal tight-rope walker, Granto, and an admirably trained drill-team, Streater's Zouaves, who realistically storm a fortress. Finally, though the Empire can claim exclusive possession of that sprightly American soubrette, Miss Elsie Fay, known from a certain imitation as "the Sousa Girl," and of her compatriot, Mr. Harry Taft, shrillest of whistlers but cleverest of step-dancers, who sing a very amusing "Coney Island" duet, it is the Alhambra management which is responsible this week for the first London appearance of the newest Parisian chanteuse, Mdle. Larive, a young artist of real charm and talent, who offers an international *pot-pourri*, dancing a Spanish *pas seul*, singing a German song, parodying an American coon-ditty, and concluding with a dance that is Russian.

THE LATE DR. S. R. GARDINER.

The death of Dr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner at his house at Sevenoaks on Sunday, Feb. 23, was due to a stroke of paralysis, of which he had, a year ago, a premonitory attack. Dr. Gardiner was nearly seventy-three years of age, having been born, near Alresford, Hampshire, in the March of 1829. From Winchester, Gardiner passed on to Christ Church, Oxford, read hard, was elected student, in 1851 obtained a First Class in the Final Schools, and immediately afterwards graduated B.A. Thereupon he left Oxford, and entered upon a marriage which had no small influence, not only on his relations with the University, but on all his outlook at life, for his wife was a daughter of Edward Irving, and Gardiner himself became a devout member of the Catholic Apostolic Church. To the study of history he now turned himself with a determination of aim that knew no diminution as the years passed. From James the First's accession to Charles the Second's restoration—that was the period upon which he concentrated himself. In 1863 appeared the first instalment of this work under the title of "A History of England from the Accession of James I. to the Disgrace of Chief Justice Coke." Two further volumes, entitled "Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage," appeared in 1869. In due succession followed "A History of England Under the Duke of Buckingham and Charles I.," then "The Personal Government of Charles I.," then "The Fall of the Monarchy of Charles I." All these works were republished in 1884 as "A History of England from the Accession of James I. to the Outbreak of the Civil War."

In 1871 Dr. Gardiner, who was the possessor of a large family, and whose private means were small, became Professor of History at King's College, London, and also took to a thousand platforms as lecturer on history for the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching. A number of minor literary labours also were his. In 1882 Mr. Gladstone gave him a Civil List pension of £150 a year; and in 1884, when All Souls' College elected him under the provisions of its new statutes to a Research Fellowship, he began again to frequent the University. From 1886 to 1889 he was Examiner in the Final History School at Oxford; and in 1892, when his Fellowship at All Souls' lapsed, Merton College offered him a similar but rather better endowed distinction. In 1895 the University gave him the degree of D.C.L., and in the following year, as Ford Lecturer, he delivered his oration on "Cromwell's Place in History." This brings us back to his great work, of which three more volumes appeared between the years 1886 and 1891. In 1894 and 1897 followed two volumes of "The History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate." This brought it down to 1656, leaving a period of only four more years to be dealt with. But the completion of his great work has proved beyond his strength. Unlike Bede, he had not the content of writing the "Finis"; but this satisfaction was his—that he left the task to competent hands.

OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE FOOTBALL MATCH.

The twenty-ninth annual meeting of the Oxford and Cambridge footballers brought a crowd of seven thousand onlookers to the Queen's Club, West Kensington. The Cantabs (who wore crape bands on their sleeves as a tribute to the memory of Mr. A. T. B. Dunn) won the toss for choice of ends, and elected to get all the assistance possible from the sunshine. Oxford therefore faced the Pavilion goal, and the kick-off was followed by an instant hurly-burly, in the first rushes of which Cambridge showed to some advantage. As the game proceeded, however, the Dark Blues fairly outplayed their rivals, and they deserved their victory by two goals to none. The crowd of spectators followed the game with great enthusiasm.

NEW BUILDINGS FOR "LLOYD'S."

The great headquarters of marine insurance in the City of London takes its name from "Lloyd's Coffee House." The Edward Lloyd who, in 1688, removed his quarters to the corner of Abchurch Lane, Lombard Street, and who made them the resort of shipowners, and had periodical sales "by candle" within his walls, might well be astonished at to-day's developments. In 1838 "Lloyd's" entered the rooms they still hold at the Royal Exchange, and now new extensions are necessary. The fine buildings in Lloyd's Avenue, Fenchurch Street, of which we give illustrations, will almost immediately be brought into use.

SCENES IN MOROCCO.

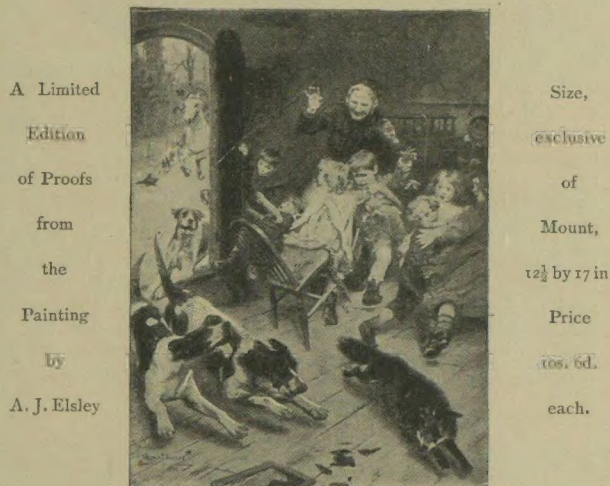
Morocco has its frontier questions. The last of the independent Barbary States left within sight of Europe is bounded on the Mediterranean side by Algeria, but on the Atlantic side has far less definite landmarks, where France long ago claimed the Tuat oases and Spain a slice of the southward Sahara. The French authorities have decided that spaces shall now be a little more definitely determined, and a Delimitation Commission will shortly offer a report. Meanwhile Major Burckhardt, with a small staff, is charged with the duty of teaching French exercises to native troops.

THE MEKRAN EXPEDITION.

Fort Nodiz was taken on Dec. 20, 1901. As soon as the guns had effected a breach in the outer wall, Lieutenant Corry, R.E., with Lieutenant G. P. Grant, 27th Baluch Light Infantry, dashed through, accompanied by their men. Within the courtyard of the fort, they were immediately met by a Ghazi rush, led by the enemy's commander, Mahomed Ali, while a similar party charged down on their rear, shouting, "Shabash, Ghaziyan!" ("Well done, brother Ghazis!"). Lieutenant Grant was twice wounded, and fell; while Lieutenant Corry attacked Mahomed Ali himself, and was severely wounded in the arm. All the men in this exceedingly warm corner were hit, while six of the enemy were afterwards found dead in the courtyard, among them Mahomed Ali himself. The three

sepoys shown in the sketch—namely, the Sikh Naik of the Q.O. Sappers and Miners; the Punjabi Mohamedan, also of the Sappers; and the Pathan Subadar, Hamid Khan, of the 27th Baluchis, have all been recommended for the Order of Merit medal. Major Tighe after this withdrew his men from the fort, ordered the guns up to close range, and battered in the roofs of the inner redoubts; and not till then, after two hours of severe fighting, did the enemy lay down their arms, shouting, "Salaam, Salaam!" The forts passed on the march through Perso-Baluchistan are wellnigh impregnable. We give among our pictures a ground plan of Fort Nodiz. The date-palm groves on the south side afforded good cover, and enabled our infantry to close up to between 200 and 300 yards of the fort. On their 120-mile march from Gwadur to Nodiz, our troops passed through a waterless desert, in places rising into low, rocky hills.

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PERSONAL.

The King, on Thursday morning Feb. 20, went to Brighton by the ordinary train to lunch with the Duchess of Fife on her birthday, and returned in time to see, at the Haymarket Theatre, a performance of "Frocks and Frills."

The Earl of Denbigh and Desmond, who is a Lord-in-Waiting, has been commissioned by the King to proceed to Rome to offer his Majesty's congratulations to Pope Leo XIII., on the silver jubilee of his Papacy.

The Sultan has banished Marshal Fuad Pasha to Syria on suspicion of conniving at the plots of the "Young Turks." Fuad's friends assert that he is the victim of a Palace intrigue, and has no more to do with the "Young Turks" than with the Jebusites.

Sir Frederic Lacy Robinson, K.C.B., is to retire in May next from the Deputy Chairmanship of the Board of

Inland Revenue, a post he has held for ten years. Sir Frederic, who was born in 1840, was the youngest son of the late Rev. J. Bahks Robinson, M.A., Long Melford, Suffolk; and he was educated at St. John's Foundation School. In 1857, when he was only seventeen years of age, he entered the Inland Revenue service, being appointed Secretary in 1882 and Commissioner in 1883. Sir Frederic, who married in 1867 Julia,

daughter of the late Mr. George Hollins, of Edgbaston, became a widower four years ago.

A petition has been presented to the King, praying that if Commandant Kritzinger should be sentenced to death, his life may be spared.

Influenza is rife again, and Mr. Arthur Balfour is a victim for the third time. The Lord Chancellor and Mr. Walter Long are on the same sick-list. Mr. Balfour's illness is a serious obstacle to the advance of Government business in the House of Commons, for it has necessitated the postponement of the Procedure Rules.

Miss Stone is released at last. It appears that the ransom was paid some time ago, and that the brigands stipulated that the bags containing the money should be brought back filled with lead, in order to create the impression that the negotiations had failed. This stratagem was employed to afford Miss Stone's late hosts ample time to disperse in safety.

The Bishop of Salisbury has appointed Canon Charles Leslie Dundas to the Archdeaconry of Dorset, vacant by

the resignation of Archdeacon Sowter. The ministerial experiences of the new Archdeacon have been very extensive, at any rate as to the distant spaces that he has traversed. He is known equally well in England and at the Antipodes. Having served for some time as Dean of Hobart, Tasmania, he belongs to that now rather large class of clergy who have a personal knowledge of the

spiritual needs of both the Motherland and the Colonies. The new Archdeacon is at present Vicar of Charminster-with-Stratton, near Dorchester.

The political differences between Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman have culminated in open quarrel. In a speech at Liverpool, Lord Rosebery threw over Gladstonian Home Rule. The Nationalists had demanded "an independent Parliament," and he would never consent to hand over the destinies of Ireland to men who had sided with our enemies in the South African War. At Leicester, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman attacked Lord Rosebery, describing his Irish policy as ignoble, discreditable, and indecent. Next day Lord Rosebery wrote to the *Times*, announcing his "definite separation" from the Leader of the Opposition in the Commons.

Great efforts are being made to represent this as a personal matter which has nothing to do with the tenets of Liberalism. Liberal Associations are passing resolutions calling on their leaders to unite. Liberal speakers fail to see "any essential difference between Lord Rosebery's views and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's." Nobody professes to know why the Leicester attack was made. It is believed that Mr. Asquith and the other Liberal Imperialist leaders are in sympathy with Lord Rosebery, but they are not expected to take any immediate step to accentuate the rupture in the party.

Mr. Guy Laking, the King's Armourer, has been

busily employed of late in bringing together at Windsor Castle a superb collection of armour chosen from specimens to be found in the armouries of the various royal palaces and elsewhere. From Holyrood has been brought, say, a coat of mail, from the Tower a helmet, and from St. James's Palace a sword, to make up a complete figure of this or that period. Mr. Laking has had to put these things together with an almost surgical care. The result will be approved when the King takes his Coronation guests to see the collection, to which, also, the public will have an opportunity of being admitted.

The United States Government is sending a very ornamental Embassy to the Coronation. Its male members have been chosen for their social position and endowments—a method of choice which seems reasonable enough under the circumstances, but which has excited some hostile comment in sections of the American Press. It does not need any statesmanlike

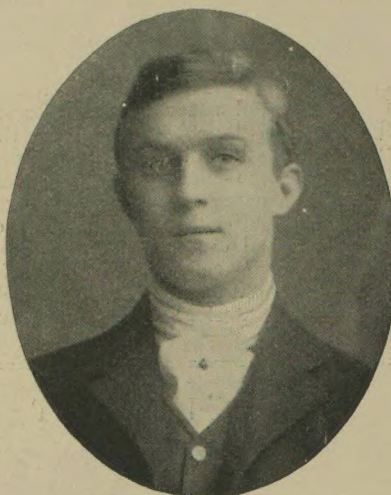


Photo. Goodfellow.
MR. GUY LAKING,
The King's Armourer.



Copyright Photo. F. B. Johnston.
MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT,
GODMOTHER OF THE KAISER'S NEW YACHT.

qualities or any military ability to look well in a uniform as the accessory of a great function. Far more difficult might the choice of a lady have been; but Miss Alice Roosevelt was at hand. Her nearness to the President gives her a special fitness for the mission, and this her youth and good looks abundantly sustain. Miss Roosevelt, has, meanwhile, played a graceful part in christening the Kaiser's new yacht *Meteor*.

Mr. Peter William Clayden, author and journalist, died somewhat suddenly on Feb. 19 at his residence, 1, Upper Woburn Place. Born at Wallingford in 1827, he devoted himself in early life to the ministry in the Unitarian body, having charges at Boston, Lincolnshire, at Rochdale, and at Nottingham. From that city in 1866 he began his thirty years' association with the *Daily News*. As minister and leader-writer he had a task beyond his strength, and in 1868 he came to London as assistant editor of the *Daily News*, and so continued until 1887, when he became night editor. Mr. Clayden was a past-President of the Institute of Journalists, and he made three attempts—all of them unsuccessful—to enter the House of Commons.

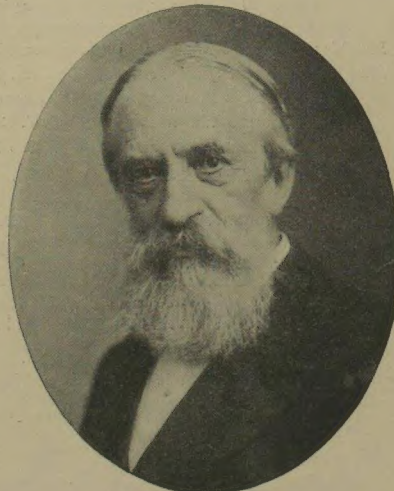


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. P. W. CLAYDEN,
Author and Journalist.

Mr. Gibson Bowles has secured a vote of confidence from his constituents at King's Lynn. He was accused of systematic hostility to the Government. He pleaded that he was their most disinterested adviser. It was the desire of his heart to make them as enlightened as himself. Only nine votes were recorded at King's Lynn against this mission.

The centenary of Victor Hugo's birth has been celebrated in France with remarkable enthusiasm. The Minister of Public Instruction has issued a small volume of extracts from the poet's works for obligatory use in every school. It is pointed out, without avail, that France has produced poets quite as good as Victor Hugo—Lamartine, for example, and Alfred de Vigny.

The Right Hon. John William Mellor, P.C., who has sat for the Sowerby Division of Yorkshire since 1892, made a little stir in the House of Commons the other afternoon by presenting no fewer than 144 petitions against any change in the present tenor of the Coronation Oath. Mr. Mellor, whose father was a Judge, was himself, at the age of twenty-five, called to the Bar in 1860, became a Q.C. in 1875, and a Bench in 1877. Parliamentary duties absorbed Mr. Mellor in later years. He became Judge

A d v o c a t e - General in 1886, and Chairman of Committees in 1893, a post which he held for two years. He has been a member of various Royal Commissions, and he is Deputy-Chairman of the Somerset Quarter Sessions. Over half a million signatures were affixed to the 144 petitions, which required two clerks to carry them to the table.

M. Santos Dumont has a rival. Yet another Brazilian has invented a flying-machine, which he affirms to be superior to anything constructed by M. Santos Dumont. It cannot be maintained that the Latin races of South America contribute nothing to the inventive genius of the world.

Sir Archibald Anson, Governor of Penang in 1875, says that in that year he proposed to mediate between the Acheen chiefs in Sumatra and the Governor of the Dutch East Indies. The Dutch thanked him kindly, and said that if the Acheen chiefs desired to submit, they could communicate with the commander of the Dutch forces.

Earl Fitzwilliam, who died on Feb. 20 at Wentworth-Woodhouse, near Sheffield, was the sixth Earl of his line.

Born so long ago as in 1815, he was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge; and, on the death of his elder brother in 1835, he took the courtesy title of Lord Milton. He entered Queen Victoria's first Parliament as member for Malton. His career as a politician was a little chequered; for he and Lord Morpeth were defeated in 1841 in the West Riding. He sat again for Malton, however; and, later, for Wicklow, a representation he left when, in 1857, his father's death called him to the Upper House. Though he made no great figure in public life, by his tenants he was held in affectionate regard; and he was an ardent Volunteer and a keen sportsman. He is succeeded by his grandson, Lord Milton, who married Lady Maud Dundas, and who has seen service in the current war in South Africa.

Prince Henry of Prussia is enjoying the hospitable greetings of America. He has already learned to use American idioms with great facility, and is delighted when the people shout, "Hello, Henry!" He has been a guest at the "most magnificent luncheon in the world," fabled to have cost sixty thousand dollars. It is said that Princess Henry was so shocked by such extravagance that she implored her husband by telegraph not to countenance it.

Prince Henry in New York had a certain lightness of touch which we may hope that the greatest stickler for etiquette will not pronounce to be levity. But the use of anything so sacred as an Ambassador's back as a writing-desk must perhaps cause a slight thrill, not wholly uncomfortable, in Embassies. When the *Meteor* had been successfully launched, Prince Henry immediately pulled a blank telegraph form from his pocket, and, taking the German Ambassador by the shoulders, whirled him round and used his broad back as a table whereon he pencilled his cable to the Kaiser.



Photo. Fradelle and Young.
THE RIGHT HON. J. W. MELLOR, M.P.,
Who Presented 144 Petitions to the House of Commons, Feb. 25.

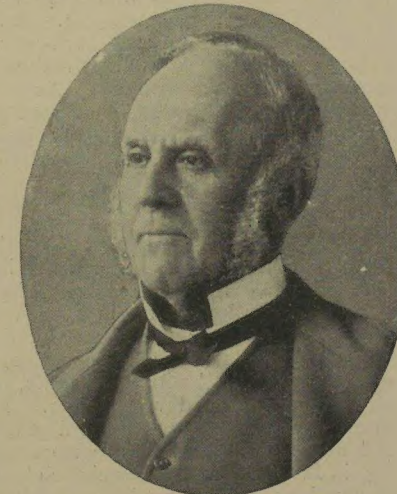
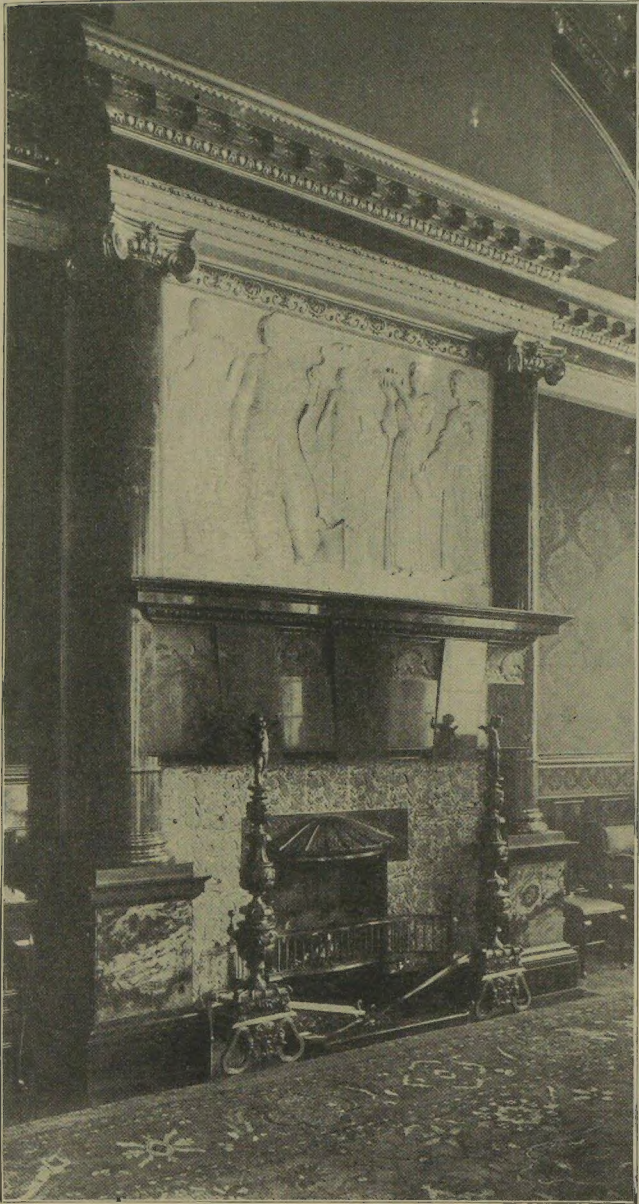


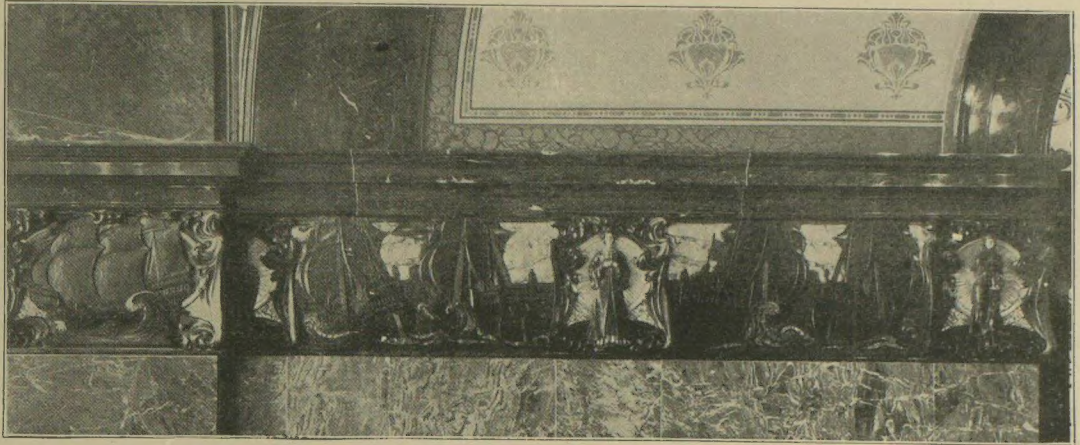
Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE EARL FITZWILLIAM,
Who Sat in Queen Victoria's First Parliament.

THE WORLD'S SHIPPING CENTRE: LLOYD'S NEW BUILDINGS IN LLOYD'S AVENUE.

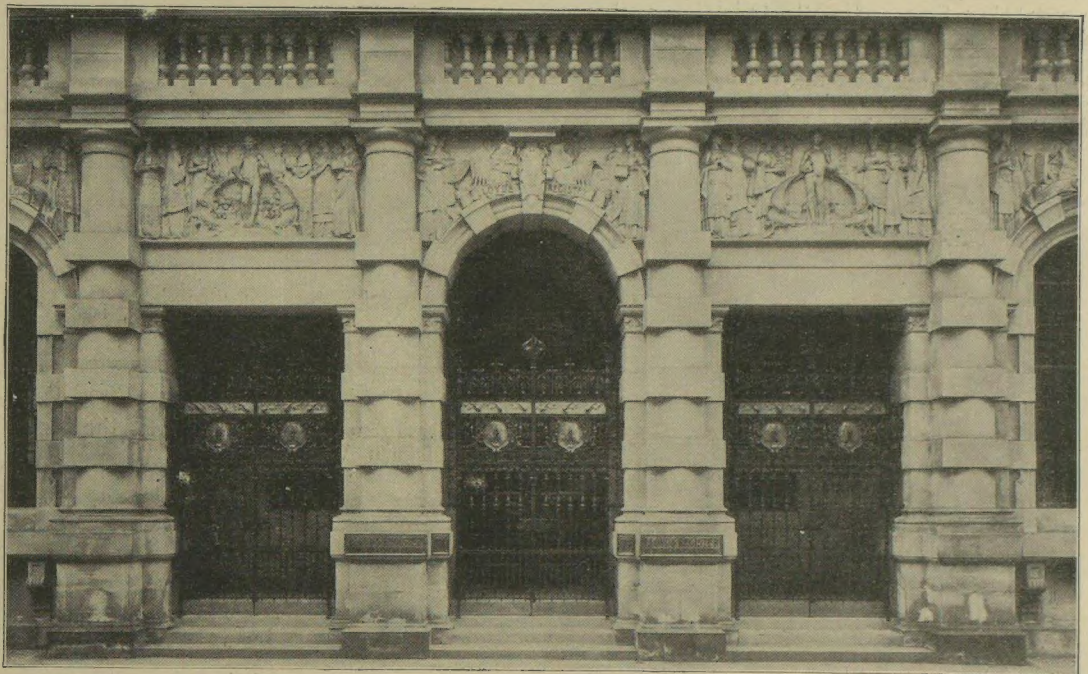
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOLAS.



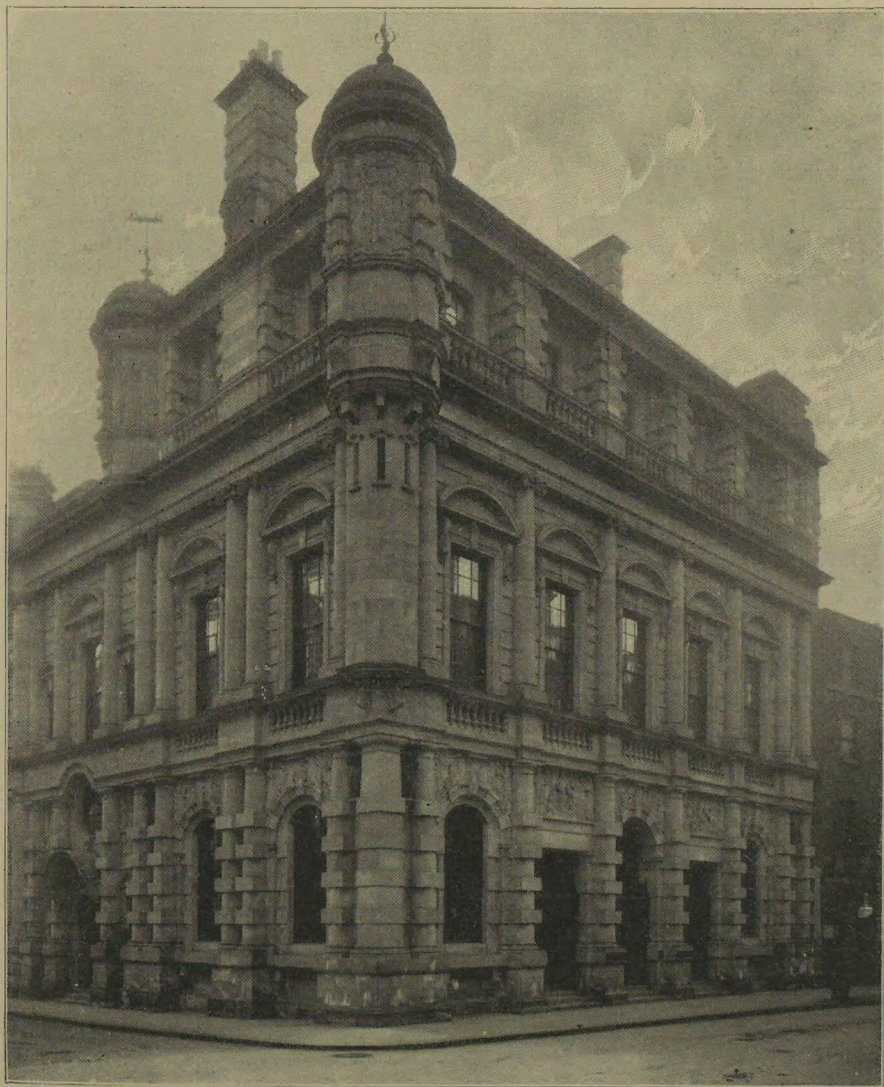
THE BOARD-ROOM FIREPLACE.



THE FRIEZE OF THE FIRST FLOOR LANDING.



DETAILS OF THE PRINCIPAL GATES.



THE GENERAL EXTERIOR.

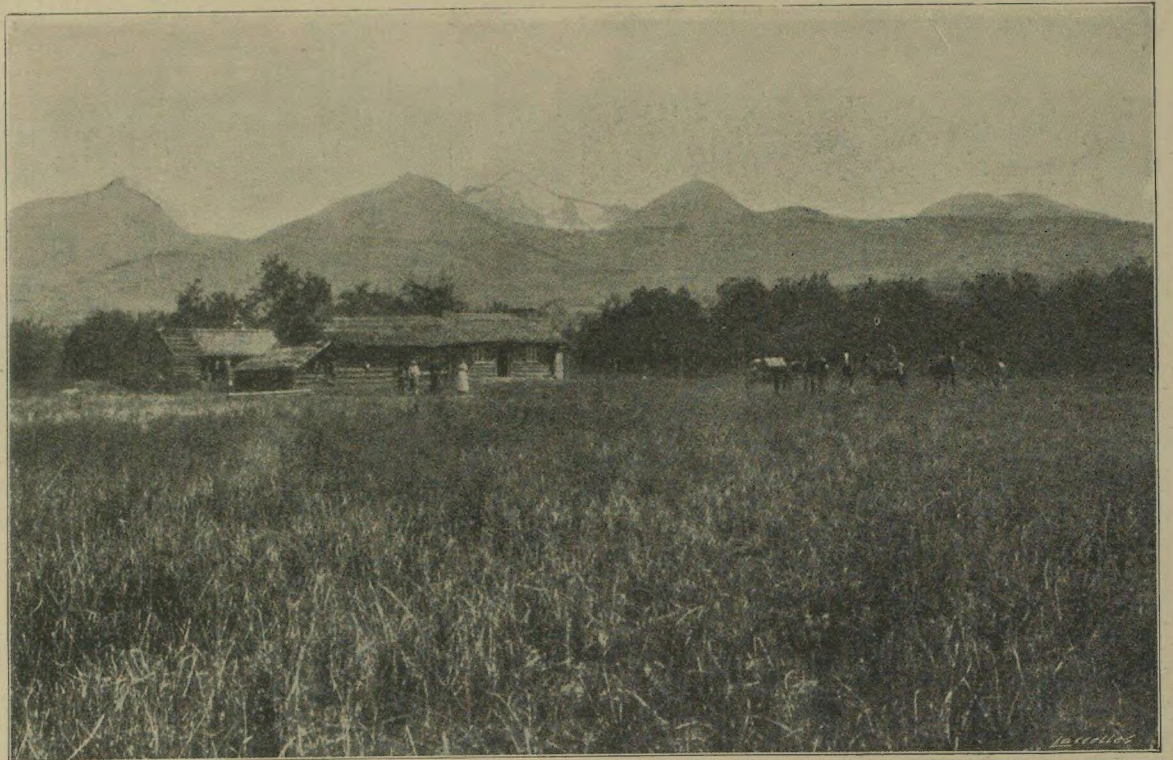


THE BOARD-ROOM.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KING AT BURTON AND RANGEMORE.

The King's arrival at Rangemore Hall, the seat of Lord Burton, took place on the evening of Friday, Feb. 21. Early next morning the town of Burton-on-Trent was astir, to put the finishing touch to its decorations in honour of his Majesty's visit to Bass and Co.'s brewery. The King and the rest of the party started from Rangemore shortly before eleven o'clock, his Majesty, Lord and Lady Burton, and Colonel the Hon. H. C. Legge occupying the first of the train of seven carriages. At Shobnall two thousand schoolchildren sang the National Anthem as the King drove slowly past, and then the arrival at Bass's Shobnall maltings was made the occasion of an outburst of enthusiastic welcome from a large crowd. Mr. Gretton, M.P., Mr. F. Gretton, and the head maltster, Mr. Hunter, escorted the King and his party through the large buildings, where the processes of "steeping" and "turning" were observed, and where, in the kiln-room, the visitors walked ankle-deep in hot and fragrant grain. To the new brewery the party then drove through rank on rank of townsmen, and past the Town Hall, where the Mayor and Aldermen were assembled. Here Mr. O'Sullivan, the head brewer, showed the great mash-tubs to his Majesty, who, by touching a lever, released the malt from the hoppers above into the hot water below, thus starting "The King's No. 1 special brew," which is to be left to mature for twenty years. Friends of his Majesty set going the brew in other tubs, Lady Farquhar for one, and the Portuguese Minister for another. After a visit to the "square"-room, to the "union"-room, and to the excise-room, where the King's



THE WELSH COLONISTS IN PATAGONIA: A TYPICAL "ESTANCIA," OR STATION.



A COSTLY ENGRAVING: VALENTINE GREEN'S "COUNTESS OF SALISBURY," AFTER REYNOLDS, SOLD FOR 500 GUINEAS.

officers tax the beef passing through to the amount of over £20,000 a month, his Majesty, in a storage-room, drank the firm's health in porter, and wrote his name in the visitors' book. The cooperage and the branding-room were afterwards visited, and then the King drove through Messrs. Worthington's triumphal arch and past the market-place, where town and country couples danced together to music, and so back to Rangemore Hall. At night Burton was illuminated, and on Sunday the King attended morning service at Rangemore Church, conducted by the vicar, the Rev. A. Lowe. Thousands of sightseers were outside, though certainly uninvited by the weather. Among our Illustrations is one of St. Paul's Church, Burton, a gift from Lord Burton's father.

WELSH COLONISTS IN PATAGONIA.

Patagonia is a land of marvellous attractions to the naturalist. It is a paradise of flowers and birds. But it does not respond equally well to the citizen who seeks it, not for its beauties, but for the bread of life. "Prospecting" for mines among its leagues of azaleas has proved a great hope but a fruitless quest to adventuring Englishmen. Now we hear of no fewer than 500 Welsh emigrants to Patagonia who desire once more to change their quarters. Their hard case was, in fact, brought the other day before Mr. Chamberlain by a deputation—led by Mr. Alfred Thomas, M.P., Sir John Jones Jenkins, and others, who begged the Government to provide transport for the removal of the colonists from Patagonia to Canada. Energetic authority in Canada has already agreed to give them free land and to support them on their first arrival. Mr. Chamberlain, who expressed his entire sympathy with the object of the deputation, explained that for many years the British Government had given no aid to emigration to self-governing colonies. To the Canadian Premier, therefore, they must go, said Mr. Chamberlain, who, however, added, on his own account,

that he did not for a moment doubt but that the settlers in Canada would find it a happy home. At a luncheon given afterwards by Sir J. Llewellyn, at the Hotel Victoria, a subscription for the object in view was well supported, £1400 being promised, including £20 from Mr. Chamberlain.

THE LAST QUEEN VICTORIA STAMP.

With reference to the question of the last stamp issued with Queen Victoria's effigy, Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. write to us as follows: "In your last issue you gave an illustration of the new twopenny Gold Coast postage-stamp, which you claim to be the last Queen Victoria postage-stamp; but we think it is not entitled to this distinction, as a new stamp bearing her late Majesty's portrait was issued at the end of January in British Honduras. This stamp—a specimen of which we enclose—differs from its predecessors in having the inscription altered to 'Postage and Revenue,' and is practically a new stamp, although of similar design to the old one. The Postmaster of the colony writes to us, under date Jan. 28, stating that these stamps were ordered to be of a new type, with the King's portrait, but, through a misunderstanding, they were supplied in the old design, perhaps through want of time to prepare new dies. We believe that the twopenny Gold Coast stamp was issued some weeks earlier than that of British Honduras."



THE LAST QUEEN VICTORIA STAMP: ANOTHER CLAIMANT FOR THE DISTINCTION.

IN THE SALE-ROOM.

At Christie's on Saturday, Feb. 22, the record price of seven thousand guineas was paid for a Troyon. The purchasers were Messrs. Lawrie and Co., and the underbidders were Messrs. Tooth. The picture came from the

collection of the late Mr. William Waring, who himself bought it from the artist for less than a third of that sum of money. At about that figure—two thousand guineas—Messrs. Agnew began the bidding, but the great increase of value at once manifested itself in the eagerness shown for its possession at almost any price. The canvas, which measures 37½ in. by 50½ in., shows a woody pasture, with cattle and sheep and a peasant woman. Two days earlier, also at Christie's, were sold a number of fine engravings of the early English school, including choice mezzotint portraits after Sir Joshua Reynolds, the property of the Hon. Stanhope Tollemache. These included a first state of Valentine Green's rendering of the Countess of Salisbury, whole length, for which Messrs. Colnaghi paid five hundred guineas, or fifty guineas more than the same work fetched at the Blyth sale last year.

DISASTER TO THE SCOTS GREYS.

Lord Kitchener, amidst many favourable reports, has had one or two records of reverses to make. The 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys) have had one bit of notable bad luck. In the fighting at Klippan, near Springs, on Feb. 18, a troop of "those splendid Greys," as Napoleon called them, were "cut off," and surrendered to the enemy. They first suffered several casualties, one officer, Lieutenant J. F. Rhodes, being killed; two others, Major Feilden and Captain Ussher, have since died of wounds. On the other hand, the forty or fifty men taken prisoners by the Boers have now been released, and others of the half-dozen wounded are reported as making favourable progress towards recovery. This famous regiment of heavy cavalry has for its Colonel-in-Chief the Czar. The charge of the 2nd Dragoons at Waterloo (the charge which earned for them the Napoleonic epithet) has been popularised in Lady Butler's "Scotland for Ever."



A PICTURE BY TROYON SOLD FOR 7000 GUINEAS.

THE SITUATION IN MOROCCO. SCENES CIVIL AND MILITARY.



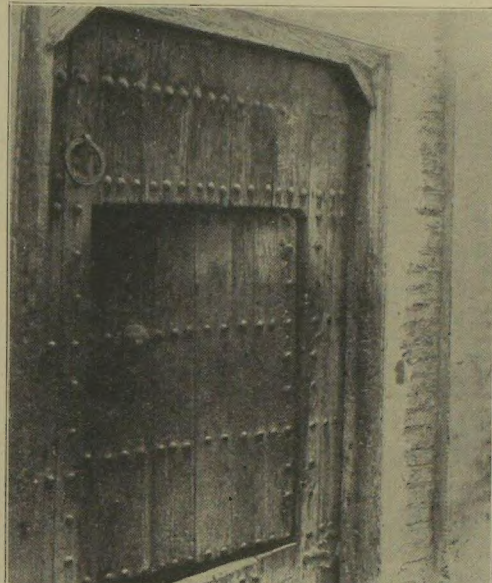
A PRINCIPAL STREET.



A BODYGUARD.



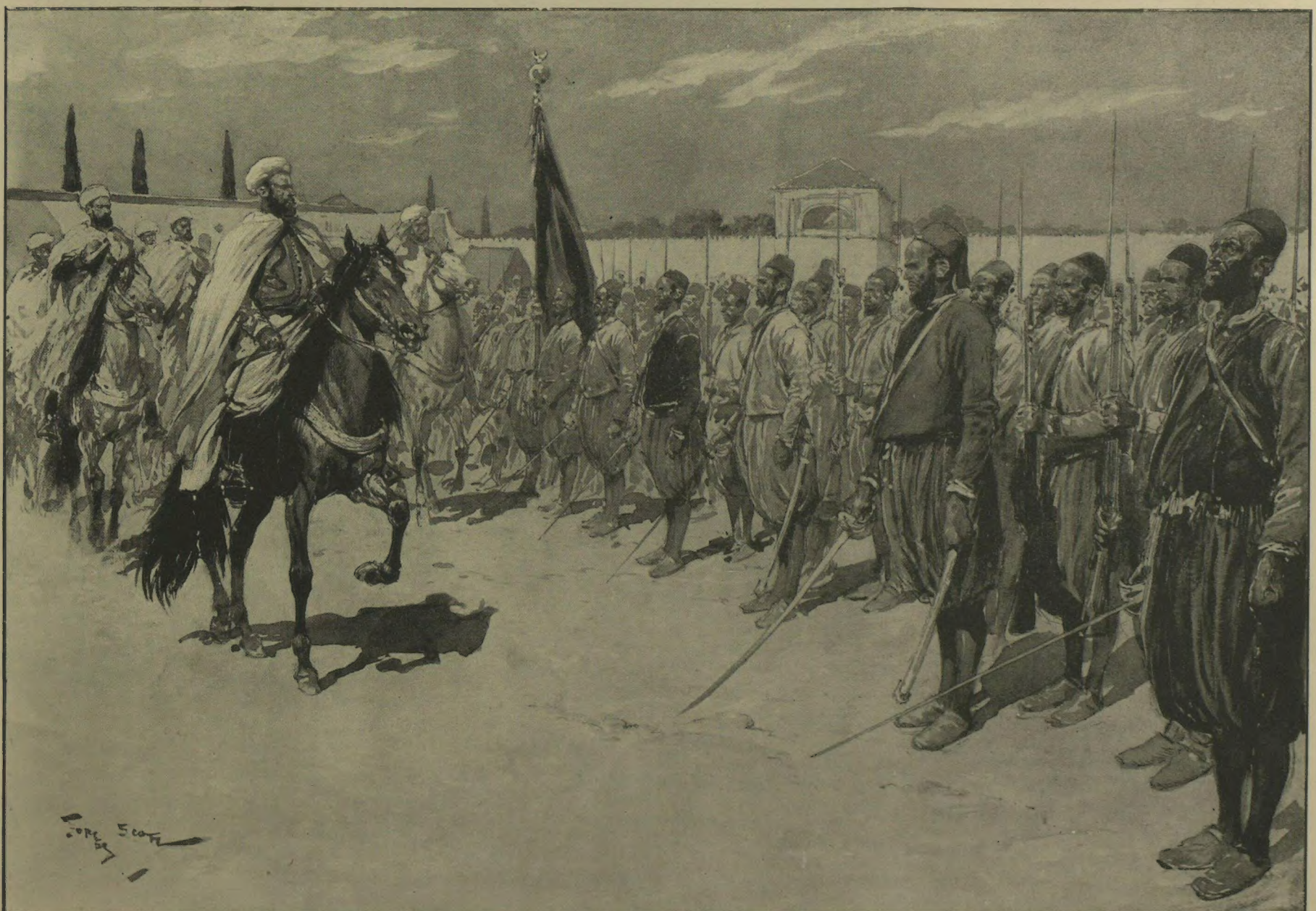
YOUNG MEN OF MOROCCO.



A STREET DOOR.



TYPICAL NATIVES.



THE FRENCH IN MOROCCO: MAJOR BURCKHART, THE FRENCH INSTRUCTOR OF THE SHERIFIAN TROOPS, REVIEWING A REGIMENT.

NAVIES OF THE WORLD.—No. V.: ITALY.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, MARCH 1, 1902.—303

TYPES OF ITALIAN WAR-VESSELS.

IN EXTREMIS.

By MAARTEN MAARTENS.

*

Illustrated by Gunning King.

“GOOD-BYE, Doctor!”
 “Good-bye, child!”
 “And thank you kindly.”

He did not answer, but went down the garden-path, between the hollyhocks and sunflowers, an old man, bent with gazing deep into other people's sorrows, yet the tears swam in his kindly eyes as he shambled on through the sunset summer shadows.

Roosje turned by the dairy-door; she went back among the blue and white tiles, the sweet smell of milk all around her. She was comely with the freshness of eighteen years' upgrowing in Dutch pastures; her arms and neck stood out, perhaps a shade too delicately veined, against the tight-fitting black of her peasant costume and against her gold-pinned muslin cap.

“Dawdling!” said her stepmother's angry voice.

Roosje started. “I was thinking,” she answered confusedly.

“Of the cows?”

“No, mother, not of the cows.”

“Of sweethearts, then?”

Roosje hesitated. “No, not exactly of sweethearts,” she answered slowly.

“Psha! what should a farmer's daughter think of but, one of them two? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Roosje, and that's what I've been wanting to say to you. If it was an honest young man of your own sort as came courting you, well, so much the better, says I: there's mouths enough anyway to feed in this family. But no decent girl'd allow a young Squire to say he was sweet on her.”

“He's never said a word like it!” cried the girl, her cheeks flaming, “never said a word all the world couldn't hear. We was friends ever since we was little children. We've always played—”

“I know what I know,” replied the big farm-dame sententiously, and moved towards the door, but her step-daughter intercepted her. “What do you know?” exclaimed Roosje, “you're new to these parts, and you don't understand our ways. It's different up in the North from what we do here. We've always played, all our lives, with the Squire's children.”

“Have you? Stop now, then,” replied the step-mother viciously. She pushed through the door, but pausing to aim straight her final shot: “Madame's maid from the Château told me they all know he says that he's sweet on you,” she added; “but he don't intend to marry you, he says.”

Roosje remained standing in the golden shadows, among the shiny tiles: and the sweet smell of the milk was all around her.

The Squire's son came across the dreamy fields, in a haze of deep-blue evening, the lazy cattle lifted their heads to see him pass. He stopped by the dairy door: a little dog leapt about him and licked his hand.

“I join my ship to-morrow,” he said.

“I know,” answered Roosje.

“I have been here just a month,” he continued. “It has been a very happy time.”

She did not reply.

“Seeing my mother again, and my father, and

all the others. What a lot of us there seem to be.”

“Not more than here,” she said.

“And where many pigs are, the wash gets thin,” he said, quoting a common proverb.

“Gentlefolks always have enough to eat,” replied Roosje.

“Have they indeed? Much you know about it! You know nothing about it. You know nothing about gentlefolks, Roosje.”

“No indeed,” she said humbly.

“I mean, about their necessities. Now, look at me, a poor sailor man with half-a-dozen brothers and sisters.

Obliged to sail away to the Indies for a livelihood,” he laughed, “in the service of her Majesty the Queen.”

“How long will you be away?” she asked quickly.

“Two years, at the very least.”

“The poor men's wives!” she said thoughtfully. “What a time it is!”

“Oh, I daresay the wives don't mind. No, I won't say that! 'Tis a hard lot, that of a sailor's wife. I should never dare to offer it to any woman.”

She looked at him curiously. “Never intend to marry at all?” she said.

“Oh, some day, I suppose, when my sea-faring days are over, I shall settle down somewhere with a bald brow, a middle-aged spouse, and money-bags.”

She shook her head. “That doesn't sound nice,” she said.

“Well, what can I do? For the next ten or fifteen years I can't be anything but a sailor. And so I can't marry if I would, and I wouldn't if I could.” He spoke with inward heat, as if arguing more against himself than to her.

She rattled the milk-pans, moving them, looking away.

“See here, don't let us spoil these last moments, talking about a dismal future. You see, I have come to say good-bye. I shall often think of the Farmhouse, Roosje; think of the times when we all played together in the orchard and the haylofts. What a jolly round dozen we were! And now one of us is dead.”

“Yes, one of us is dead,” she assented; for he had lost a brother a year ago from typhoid. She repeated the words once or twice among her milkpans: “Only one of us is dead.”

“Only? Surely that is enough!” he exclaimed, surprised.



“Well, then, must it really be good-bye?”

"There might be more," she answered, and spilt a great splash on the floor.

"Lord, what'll your stepmother say! You a milk-maid!"

"I wasn't attending. I don't think I ever did it before. Now, Jonker Dirk, I think you had better go."

"Go? What nonsense! I've only just come."

"Mother doesn't like it," said Roosje, blushing.

"Like what? Me? Well, she won't be troubled by my presence for the next two years. Your father was a fool to marry that woman, Roosje."

"Oh, Jonker, hush!"

"Sailors speak their mind. And besides, you know it, without my saying anything. She makes you unhappy, Roosje: I hate to think of that while I'm away." With his foot he pushed the splash of milk towards the little farm-dog, who began lapping, with great wags of his tail.

"She means well," said Roosje. "Good-bye, Jonker. God bless you. Good-bye."

"No, in thunder! What has the woman been saying to you, Roosje? Come, we have never had any secrets from each other, never, since I told you all my scrapes, and you—I don't think you ever got into any scrapes, not into real bad ones, at least, like me. Have you got into a scrape now?" He looked at her good-naturedly, smiling. Then suddenly, with an angry change of face and voice. "Don't listen to her! Don't believe her. Whatever she says, I've no doubt it's a lie!"

"Tell it me." Her voice grew softer still.

"Good-bye, good-bye."

"Tell it me! Tell it me!" The words barely sank on her breath.

"God in Heaven! I love you, but I cannot marry you, so I oughtn't to have spoken at all."

"Yes, yes, yes. You love me. Of course you cannot marry me."

"I never should have spoken, but for my mother's misdoing! What can I do? I don't want you to believe lies about me. That would be too bad!"

"You love me. Of course you can't marry me. I don't want you to marry me. But, just for a little, you have loved me all the same."

"How can I marry? I cannot marry anyone."

"In time, when you come back bald-headed and with medals—medals, please!—you will marry a woman in your own rank of life."

"Confound my rank of life! When I come back, Roosje. I shall visit you in your own farm-kitchen, and wish some brave fellow joy."

She smiled, but he could not see that. He bent forward.

"Well, then, must it really be good-bye?"

"Wait a moment! One moment longer! You love me. You really love me? Say it again?"

"Oh, what is the use of saying it? It cuts me like a knife."

"Dear Jonker, it needn't do that. Listen just

he says. It doesn't really much matter. Tell me you love me, Jonker Dirk."

"It isn't true. It isn't true."

"Yes, it is true. Nobody'll care, when you're away. And see here, Jonker, it has brought me the great big happiness of all my life—nothing more, anyhow, could come after that."

"It isn't true. It isn't true."

"Say again that you love me before mother comes. Say it again."

He threw his arms around her, he drew her towards him. "I love you; I love you; I love you!" He rained kisses on her upturned face.

"Say it again. Oh, say it again. You see, it is the last time, Jonker!"

"I love you, I love you, I have never loved any one before, dear: I shall never love anyone again!"

"Ah, yes, you will! You will love the woman you marry. Promise me, for my sake, you will marry a woman whom you love. Moneybags or no moneybags, Jonker, you will marry a woman you love?"

He kissed her and drew her towards him and kissed her again and again.

"This is my wedding-day, you see," she whispered, "but it isn't yours, Jonker—not yours."

"You will marry later on—and be happy—very happy—some day."

The pitch-dark night was about them in the dairy. A

BIMBASHI SCOTT-BARBOUR,
Killed in the Affair.



THE RECENT LOOTING OF A CAMEL CONVOY BY DINKAS IN THE SOUDAN: THE HEADS OF THE DINKA TRIBE.

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE RECENT VISIT OF H.H. THE KHEDIVE TO KHARTOUM.

Roosje was silent for full ten seconds. Then she answered, still looking away, "She don't think I ought to have talked with you: that's all."

The great veins rose upon his neck. "Now answer me honestly: have I ever said a word—one word—to make me deserve that?"

"No, oh no! Not one word. But people will talk."

"Talk! Who talks? Why, I am going away. I have had a very happy month here. Who talks?"

"They—they—oh, it doesn't matter one bit."

"It matters. I will know." His voice rang low, so strong she could not have disobeyed it.

"It's only stupid servants' talk," she said, the words coming as if they were being dragged forth slowly through a loophole. "Your mother's maid has told my mother lies."

He started so violently she could not but see it. "Tell me exactly what she said."

"I couldn't, Jonker."

"You must. At once. In an hour I shall be gone, perhaps for good."

"I couldn't." She hid her face in her hands. "She said you had said things you never could have said, and everybody had heard them."

"Well, it is true," he said simply. "See what parents we have, you and I! I told my mother, for she asked me, and my mother told her maid! Well, what does it matter? I am going away."

She took her hands from her burning face. "Tell it me," she whispered. The shadows fell so heavily, he could barely see her outline against the pewter cans.

"No."

one moment. One moment longer. Mother will be coming to look for me. I also have got something to say, Jonker. I—I also have got something to say."

"That you don't care for me? Better leave it unsaid."

"Not that—oh, not that!"

"That you are going to marry someone else? So much the better. I know something about that. My mother told me. I should never—no, not even now—have spoken, else."

"It is a lie!" She cried out the words. Alarmed, he hushed her.

"It is a lie! What I want to say—what I MUST say at once—is not that, oh, not that! Oh, so different! Jonker, when you come back again I shan't be here. Listen! don't interrupt me. Oh, Jonker, do you think I should have let you say as much as you did—should have led you on to say it—yes, yes, a woman can stop a man or lead him on—if, if—unless—"

"What?"

"Jonker, you know I'm sometimes ill. Didn't you ever think it might be mother's illness? All her family die of it. I asked doctor on purpose this evening. I asked him to come and see me on purpose. I wanted to ask him before you came to say good-bye."

"You ill!" he cried. "Nonsense! you—all pink and white?"

She shook her head in the darkness.

"I made him tell me," she said. "I told him besides that I knew already, and that was true, though, of course, it does sound different. I can't last beyond the winter,

bell tolled in the distance. The little dog scrambled up against his mistress, yelping, jealous, distressed.

"Oh, I love you, I love you!" she murmured. Then "good-bye," she said, and was gone.

THE END.

A DINKA RAID.

On Feb. 5 news was received from Shambe of the looting of a camel convoy en route for Rumbek, under Bimbashi J. Scott-Barbour, by a party of the Dinka tribe. Bimbashi Scott-Barbour was killed in the defence of his charge. He had during the Soudan Campaigns won his way through the ranks, especially distinguishing himself at the battle of Atbara, and had received a medal for distinguished service in the field. He was only thirty-one years of age, and had served nearly ten years in the ranks.

We reproduce a photograph of a party of the Dinka tribe present in Khartoum during the Khedive's recent visit to the Soudan. The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who accompanied his Highness on his tour, wrote in one of his letters in reference to this tribe: "There were amongst these warriors many ranging from 6 ft. 6 in. to 7 ft. in height, and the agility shown in handling their obsolete weapons, combined with the sparseness and picturesqueness of their attire (in many cases merely a leopard-skin round the loins), made the spectacle most fantastic and interesting." The photograph fully confirms the words of the correspondent as to the extraordinary height of the members of this tribe.

THE KING AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE, FEBRUARY 20.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



HIS MAJESTY WITNESSING THE PERFORMANCE OF "FROCKS AND FRILLS."

CORONATIONS OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.—No. VI.: WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE MASSACRE OF SAXON CITIZENS BY THE NORMAN SOLDIERS DURING THE CEREMONY AT WESTMINSTER, CHRISTMAS DAY, 1066.

THE LEGEND OF THE CORONATION OIL.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.



THOMAS À BECKET MIRACULOUSLY RECEIVING THE PHIAL OF OIL.

THE FIGHT WITH SMALLPOX: HOSPITAL-SHIPS IN THE THAMES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. CHARLES LEIBBRAND.



THE SOUTH WHARF SHELTERS.



THE STARBOARD WARD OF THE SALOON HOSPITAL ON BOARD THE "GENEVA CROSS."



H.M. SHIPS "ATLAS" AND "ENDYMION," AND THE TWIN VESSEL "CASTALIA," ALTERED AND ADAPTED FOR HOSPITAL USE.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SALOON HOSPITAL.



THE HOSPITAL STEAM-SHIPS "ALBERT VICTOR," "GENEVA CROSS," AND "MALTESE CROSS."

THE MEKRAN EXPEDITION IN PERSO-BALUCHISTAN: THE STORMING OF NODIZ FORT.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM SKETCHES BY AN OFFICER OF THE 27TH BALUCHISTAN LIGHT INFANTRY.



A. GROUND PLAN OF NODIZ FORT.

1. TYPICAL SCENERY OF THE ROUTE TO NODIZ.

2. and 3. FORTS ON THE LINE OF MARCH THROUGH PERSO-BALUCHISTAN.

4. THE TAKING OF NODIZ FORT ON DECEMBER 20, 1901: THE GHAZI RUSH WITHIN THE COURTYARD.
The Three Sepoys in the Sketch have been Recommended for the Medal for Distinguished Service.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL MATCH, FEBRUARY 22.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



INCIDENTS AT THE QUEEN'S CLUB GROUND.

The victory fell to the Dark Blues by two goals to nil. Of the twenty-nine matches played, Cambridge has won fifteen and Oxford thirteen. The match of 1888-89 was drawn.

THE MISHAP TO THE SCOTS GREYS AT KLIPPAN ON FEBRUARY 15.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOKKOKK.



A VEDETTE OF THE 2ND DRAGOONS (ROYAL SCOTS GREYS) IN HOME SERVICE UNIFORM.

THE KING'S VISIT TO RANGEMORE AND BURTON-ON-TRENT, FEBRUARY 21-24.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. S. SENEY, BURTON.



THE DRIVE AT RANGEMORE, WITH DECORATED ENTRANCE.



RANGEMORE HALL: THE FISH POND.



RANGEMORE HALL, THE SEAT OF LORD BURTON.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, BURTON-ON-TRENT.



DECORATIONS AT BURTON-UNDER-NEEDWOOD.



THE ARCH OF WELCOME AT RANGEMORE.



THE KING DRIVING THROUGH BURTON-ON-TRENT.

DRAWN BY G. ARATO.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE, RANGEMORE.



THE DECORATIONS IN HIGH STREET, BURTON-ON-TRENT.



THE STABLES AT RANGEMORE.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Land of the Blue Gown. By Mrs. Archibald Little. (London: Fisher Unwin. 21s.)

Robespierre. By Hilaire Belloc. (London: Nisbet. 16s.)

St. Nazarius. By A. C. Farquharson. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)

Impressions of a Doctor in Khaki. By Francis E. Fremantle, M.B. (London: Murray. 12s. 6d.)

Memoir of Sir George Grey, Bart., G.C.B. By the late Mandell Creighton, D.D., Bishop of London. (London: Longmans, Green. 5s.)

China War, 1860: Letters and Journal. By Major-General G. Allgood, C.B. (London: Longmans, Green. 12s. 6d.)

Burma Under British Rule—and Before. By John Nisbet. Two vols. (London: Constable. 32s.)

The Mental Functions of the Brain. By Bernard Hollander. (London: Grant Richards. 21s.)

Mrs. Little's bright and readable book on "The Land of the Blue Gown" is a worthy successor to previous works on China from the same capable hand. Fifteen



PEDDLING KITCHEN UTENSILS.

Reproduced from "The Land of the Blue Gown," by permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

years' residence in the country has not dulled her perception for the trivial details which go to make completeness, and she conveys a remarkably clear impression both of European and native life. Living much among the people, to whose many good and amiable qualities she renders full justice, she has acquired a knowledge of Chinese social life and usage which few can boast. She has a good deal to say about missionary work, and, in spite of the periodical massacres which shock the civilised world, seems to be of opinion that Christianity is slowly making headway. Mrs. Little has taken a prominent part in the crusade against the barbarous custom of footbinding: by no means her smallest achievement was to obtain the modified support of the late Li-Hung-Chang for the movement, which appears to be steadily gaining adherents among the more influential and enlightened of the Chinese. The illustrations, from photographs, are numerous, and without exception exceedingly good.

Mr. Belloc's brilliant study of a very small man who played a great part reveals incidentally how hard it is for us to understand the French Revolution. Mr. Belloc should be able, if it were possible, to interpret that chapter of history to Englishmen: he is French enough to enter into the spirit of the Revolution—perhaps too French to see it from the outside—but English enough to be conscious wherein and why the record bewilders us. His book is careful, eloquent, yet critical; he is steeped in the literature of the times; he has studied painfully the few things that Robespierre did, the many things he said. Still the man remains a mystery. He was not deliberately cruel, he was conscientious, he was honest; but he was undoubtedly a prig, and a heartless prig. It is probably a very insular view, but we feel that if Robespierre had been capable of playing football he might have saved his soul. He originated nothing, he lived for formulas, he was incapable of statesmanship, but could manage a debate. He restrained for a time the murderous extremists, yet in the end he betrayed Danton. He was never meant for greatness—on a town council he would have been a blameless bore—yet for a time he was the most prominent man in Europe. Mr. Belloc's book fascinates as much as Robespierre himself repels. One could give no higher praise.

It is an unfathomable mystery why such novels as "St. Nazarius" should ever come to be written. Mrs. Farquharson is evidently an intelligent woman. She can write passable prose. "St. Nazarius" is divided into chapters which have a nominal sequence. The story has a beginning, middle, and end. What else can be said for it we have not the smallest idea. It bears no manner of resemblance to any life that ever was heard of. Naturalism we know; mysticism we know; all the aspects of society as seen in fiction are equally familiar. But none of these elements finds a place in Mrs. Farquharson's tale. There is a boy who lives in a forest with a bear and a fox, has a wild talent for music, wins the heart of a young woman whose father is a philosopher, and dies leaving a child, whose four-footed companions are not mentioned. There is a cousin

who becomes a priest. What they are all about half the time does not appear; but the narrative goes on to the appointed length of the six-shilling novel. Probably the author does not know what it means. Let us hope that her next essay will give a little more substance to that passable prose.

The Boer War has been unusual in several respects, but perhaps in none more than its literary productiveness. Some of us remember that when we were young, almost the only first-hand description of actual war by an amateur was Goethe's account of the Battle of Valmy. Nowadays it is not necessary for a civilian to be a Goethe in order to find an audience for his battle descriptions. Correspondents, ladies, Yeomen, Volunteers have all had their say, and now the civil surgeon is added to the number. Mr. Fremantle's book might have been shorter, and—for ordinary readers—need not have been quite so surgical, but it is distinctly worth reading. He was for some time at Wynberg, and got into modified disgrace for writing candid criticisms of hospital management. The excuse that no one had told him that the staff of an Army on active service, be they military or medical, ought not to publish criticisms, is a trifle naïf, but this little misunderstanding was soon over. He returned from England to the actual front, saw a good deal more, learned to modify first impressions (and says so with perfect frankness), and, in short, has produced a book which should be of permanent value. Eton, Oxford, and Guy's form a combination of training-schools not very usual, we take it, in the case of doctors serving with the forces, and Mr. Fremantle has a point of view of his own. He had drawn up a scheme for relying on civilian doctors and practically disbanding the R.A.M.C., but later on he served as secretary to the recent Committee, and endorses the official plan unreservedly. Of course, the essential difficulty about Army doctors is the fact that they must be to some extent administrative officers with authority over men, and should also be professionally expert. At present there is very little encouragement to members of the R.A.M.C. to keep abreast with professional research, and scientific attainments do not win a man promotion. On the other hand, no organised service can entirely disregard the claims of seniority. A great deal of the book is devoted to discussion of these topics, but the actual diary is fresh and often amusing. The author of "A Doctor in Khaki" may give readers at the outset a generally unjustifiable suspicion of his accuracy by his amazing statement that Father Damien worked at Robben Island.

The late Bishop of London was, as a younger man, Vicar of Embleton, in Northumberland, and naturally on terms of intimacy with its squire, Sir George Grey. When the old statesman died, in 1882, his friend wrote a Memoir for private circulation, which is now given to the public, with a preface by his grandson, Sir Edward Grey. Sir George Grey has suffered—if we count it suffering—with the public from the fact that he had a namesake with a more picturesque career. The British nation thinks it has done its duty if it remembers one in ten of its most faithful public servants, and when two of them have the same name it finds it easiest to forget both. Readers of South African history will, however, remember the confusing fact that when the pro-consular Sir George Grey, who afterwards went to New Zealand, was Governor at the Cape, the Northumbrian Sir George Grey was Secretary of State for the Colonies. But the latter really made his mark at the Home Office, where his admirable judgment prevented the Chartist movement of 1848 from developing into a very serious riot—and perhaps something more. Peerages come to the men who extinguish bonfires, oblivion to those who stamp out the first sparks. But if Grey was never a popular hero, his colleagues in the Cabinet could and did appreciate his uprightness and his great administrative ability, while his neighbours at Embleton knew and loved the qualities of the man. Dr. Creighton's monograph of a Whig of the old school is a valuable addition to political biographies: it is laudably reticent as compared with most modern memoirs, and it is written with that distinction which marks all his work.

It seems a little unfortunate that "The China War" was not published in the summer of 1899, for it is a simple and exact account of that campaign of 1860 in Northern China which has had to be repeated. The capture of the Taku Forts, the occupation of Tientsin, and the taking of Peking were incidents in both campaigns, and then, as now, it was an allied army—though not such a heterogeneous army—of Western barbarians that chastised the Manchu dynasty. General Allgood served under Sir John Michel as D.A.Q.M.G.; he wrote home rather full letters, and composed a commendably brief and business-like journal of operations. The interest of his book is almost purely professional (though there are good illustrations). He has nothing to say on the causes of the war or the political conditions of China (rent by the Taiping Rebellion at the very moment that the Emperor was defying England and France); the volume, in fact, is not designed to compete with such works as the Life of Sir Henry Parkes, and as regards the actual fighting, Lieutenant Allgood, as he then was, took a ship's log as his literary model. Soldiers who then served in China should be interested in the narrative, but we fear that the general public—which was too absorbed or too indifferent to take great interest in the siege of Peking—will not care very much for the details of a successful expedition forty odd years ago. However, the volume is absolutely unpretentious, and may confidently be recommended to future D.A.Q.M.G.'s.

Dr. Nisbet's "Burma Under British Rule—and Before" is a remarkable achievement: it is the fruit of nearly a quarter of a century's residence in the country as a Forests Officer, whose calling necessarily throws him much upon the society of the people, and he has used his opportunities to write a book which combines the solid, reliable data of a Blue Book with the attractions of an excellent work of travel. The amount of ground the author covers is enormous; he has sifted the records at Mandalay—records more notable for their

courtly mendacity than regard for facts—to sketch the shadowy history of the country under native misrule; and having traced the course of events through the three Burmese wars down to the final pacification of the Upper Province under our rule, he proceeds to inform us concerning the institutions, people, and usages of a singularly interesting country under native and British administration. It would be difficult to suggest any material topic which this exhaustive work leaves untouched. Dr. Nisbet's acquaintance with Burmese literature appears to be as wide as his knowledge of the people; and he is as much at home discussing the curious Law of Manu governing conjugal relations as he is in describing the simple home-life and complex superstitions of the cultivator or half-wild Hill tribesman. In one chapter we find new light on the horrible palace massacres, perpetrated to seat the weak-minded Theebaw on his throne; in another, the history of French intrigue with the Court of Mandalay. The author has drawn upon all sources, from the India Office records to the reminiscences of obscure private citizens of Mandalay. It will be a revelation to the home-staying Briton to discover how the Anglo-Indian Administrator adapts the moving machinery of a new country to our own flexible standards; and never has this process been better shown than in the work before us. The progress made in developing the dormant wealth of Burma, the richest province under Viceregal rule, has been great since the annexation; but Dr. Nisbet demonstrates the truth of his contention that its possibilities are not yet fully appreciated.

Perhaps no department of modern medicine has made greater advances than that of nervous diseases, but much yet remains to be unravelled with regard to diseases usually spoken of as "mental." Exact physiological experiment and observations in man have demonstrated the existence in the brain of centres in which certain functions are performed. The faculty of speech, for example, has been definitely localised in a special convolution in the brain, and destruction of this centre by disease leads to disorders in articulation. Although many such faculties have been localised, what are described as the phenomena of mind are not known for certainty to be produced by one limited part of the brain. An individual may be melancholic or demented for years, although his brain does not materially differ from that of a normal being. Size of brain likewise means nothing. Cuvier's brain weighed sixty-four ounces, Gambetta's only thirty-nine, which latter is considerably below what is looked on as the average weight. As is well known, Gall, at the beginning of last century, made important observations on the structure of the brain, and he and Spurzheim elaborated a system of phrenology in which it was claimed that certain attributes of the mind are localised in certain regions in the brain, and that a marked development of these attributes was associated with an excessive size of the corresponding brain-region. This excessive size produced certain prominences in the skull, and a study of such prominences might reasonably be supposed to be a means for estimating mental characteristics. For a number of years this doctrine of bumps was



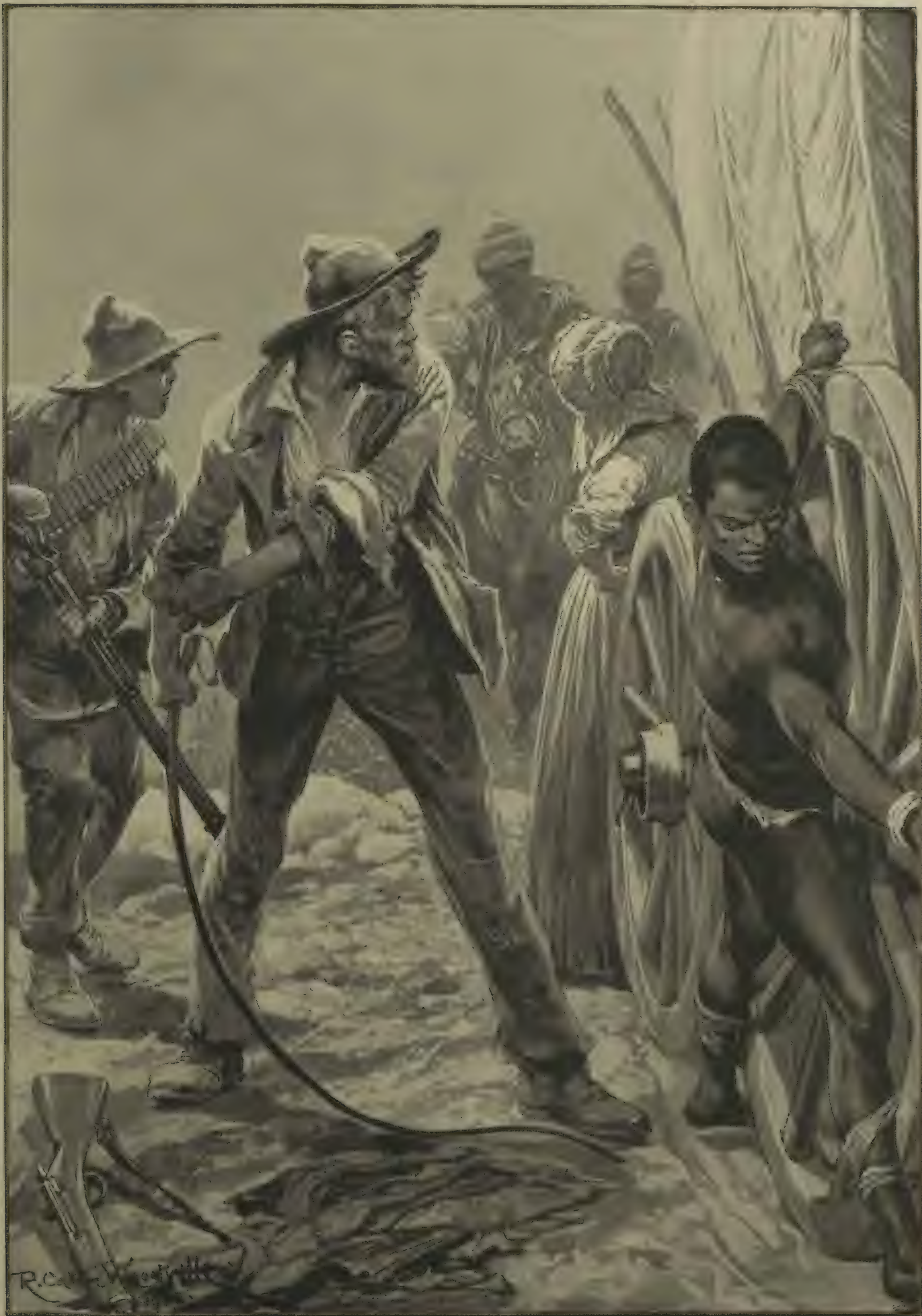
PUPPET-SHOW.

Reproduced from "The Land of the Blue Gown," by permission of the Publishers.

studied and believed in. During the last half of the nineteenth century it was discarded, criticised, laughed at, and finally ignored. Dr. Bernard Hollander in "Mental Functions" has made an attempt to restore phrenology to the position of a science. He has been at the trouble to study at first hand a large part of the exhaustive literature on the subject, and has expressed himself in very strong terms against the opponents of phrenology. Where he drops the attack on anti-phrenologists, he proceeds to an exaggerated eulogy on Gall and his works, and he sees in the work of Ferrier and Flechsig, who have localised certain functions of the brain, merely a confirmation of Gall's surmises. To those who are interested in the subject of phrenology, Dr. Hollander's book may be recommended as a complete *résumé* of the arguments for and against it. It is doubtful, however, whether it will be accepted by the majority of physicians and psychologists who make the study of the mind their life work.

THE GUERILLA WARFARE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



BRITISH TROOPERS DETECTING A CASE OF BOER CRUELTY TO NATIVES.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

One of the most interesting problems which science has to consider is that which deals with the nature of matter and force, and with the transmutations which they undergo, not only in the universe around us, but also within the sphere of our own bodies. These topics are second to none in importance, because of their direct bearing on practical life, and on man's ability to harness the forces of Nature in his service. The more subtle question of physical science really concerns the behaviour of the atoms of matter when, under one form of energy or other, they are set in motion, and give origin to manifestations of heat, light, electricity, magnetism, and other forces which represent the vibrations of our universe.

One great conception of force is that known as the law of correlation. Owing much of its exposition to the late Sir W. Grove, this conception makes clear to us that the forces of nature are mutually interchangeable, as it were, and that one force is capable of being transformed into an equivalent of another. The schoolboy to-day is familiarised with the transformation of motion into heat when he rubs his hands together on a frosty morning. Similarly, when a bullet strikes the target we get an equivalent of heat produced for the motion which was imparted to it by the chemical explosion of the powder. In the animal world we meet with conspicuous illustrations of the same great fact. Certain fishes, whereof the torpedo or electric ray and the electrical eel are examples, by sending their nerve force into special organs, convert it into electricity, and are capable of discharging their strange batteries with dire effect on their neighbours. We may go further, and say that in the living body every action which is performed represents the direct transformation of energy derived from our food. The body in this case is a converter of energy of one kind into force of another kind.

Beyond these great facts lies another—namely, that we cannot create, as we cannot destroy, force or matter. Nothing is annihilated here. All that happens is only change of form, substance, or direction. The stone thrown into a pool gives rise to the familiar circles that apparently soon cease troubling the waters, and the placid face of the pond is again restored. But even this insignificant display of energy does not cease when our eyes fail to detect any continuation of the disturbance. The vibrations of the stonethrow are handed on to the earth, and are continued indefinitely, till they may be altered, transmitted, or absorbed, it may be, in other and larger displays. The sound-waves set in motion by our voice do not cease when we can hear them no more. They, too, pass away into the ether, agitating its particles and giving rise to the conception of a universe which, all silent to our limited senses, might be regarded as resounding with "the music of the spheres."

I well remember an eloquent passage of Huxley's wherein he speaks of the stillness of the forest at noon-day, when even bird-life is lulled to slumber. Lying beneath the tree, the imagination of science can picture the busy currents of protoplasm traversing ceaselessly the cells of the forest giants. So that if our powers of hearing could be increased as greatly as those of our eyes are aided by the microscope, we might conceive ourselves capable of being stunned by the roar of the protoplasmic motion, as by the din and traffic in the streets of a great city. It is the same with all Nature. The play of atoms is none the less real because we are unable to see it or to hear it; and the whole universe, apparently stable in many of its phases, is in a state of superabundant restlessness and increasing motion.

In the domain of practical life men have learned that to get a given amount of work or power out of anything, we have to provide a certain amount of energy as our contribution to the transaction. Force, like matter, cannot be created *ex nihilo*. It has been the vain dream of inventors to construct a machine which shall yield us everything without requiring anything. We wind a clock, and we get out of that instrument exactly the force we impart to it by the muscular action of turning the key. If we want electric light, similarly, we have to spend money in supplying the wherewithal to produce it—batteries or dynamos and engines. Of the living body the same truth may be told. What we do in life represents the return we get for the food we have consumed. Nature gives no credit. Everything has to be a ready-money transaction, and we can run no accounts with the universe, unless, indeed, we deposit something to start with, and work off our deposit in the production of the energy we desire to obtain.

Where human skill intervenes is to procure for us as big a return for our payments as possible. Nature is quite prepared to allow a large discount on occasion, and of this fact a notable illustration has just been afforded us. One of the great railway companies has been experimenting of late with a new valve-gear, invented by a northern engineer, which, fitted to a locomotive engine, enables it to give a vastly increased return, in the shape of work done, for a less expenditure of coal. Not only has an old engine fitted with this gear been able to do more work than newer and improved machines, but the engine effects its labours on a saving coal bill of very considerable amount. This invention will produce a revolution in railway haulage, and the fruits of its work will appear in a very practical fashion in the diminished coal bills of the companies which adopt it. There is no attempt here to get something out of nothing in the way of force or energy. What the designer has done is to show that hitherto we have not been taking full advantage of the conditions under which Nature decrees the work may be performed. Inventions of this kind practically bring us nearer to the perfect utilisation of the means placed at our disposal for getting work done. This is admirable science, whereas the inventor of machines of the perpetual-motion type is only a dreamer of dreams.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

A STANLEY COUTTS.—The problem shall have our attention, and we will inform you later on by a notice in this column whether it is acceptable or not.

W. I. BIGGS (Oxford).—We very much regret your paragraph is crowded out.

W. F. RATNA GOPAL (Colpetty, Ceylon).—We will examine your problem with pleasure, and certainly publish it if up to our standard.

H. COOPERTHWAITE (York).—After 1. Q to Kt 3rd, K to Q B 5th; 2. B to R 2nd, mate. Surely a mate in one move should not prove a difficulty!

HANS HANSEN (Christiania).—We are greatly obliged for your letter and game. We have communicated with the gentleman you name, who is, as you know, at Monte Carlo.

L. DESANGES.—If Black play 1. R to B 8th, 2. Q or Kt mates; if either R takes P, 2. Q mates in two places; and if 1. Kt takes P, 2. R or Q mates.

FIDELITAS.—1. Q to Q 2nd yields another solution of your problem.

C. W. (Sunbury).—Will you look at the effect of 1. Q to R 2nd (ch)?

ICHABOD.—There is not a solution in the required number of moves.

G. REED MAKEHAM.—Correct, but hardly up to publication standard.

G. B. S. (Hiddeford).—We make mistakes sometimes; but so do our solvers. In the case of No. 3013 the error is yours. If Black play 1. P to B 6th, White answers with 2. Kt to Kt 5th, and Black cannot escape mate.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3012 received from F. G. Squire (Hyderabad), W. F. Ratna Gopal (Colpetty, Ceylon), and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 3013 from Emile Frau; of No. 3014 from J. Bailey (Newark), Emile Frau, and F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells); of No. 3015 from F. J. Candy, F. Mullins (Exeter), Emile Frau, J. Bailey, Lena Briggs (Colwyn Bay), S. O. L. (St. Petersburg), Trial, and James McCluskey (Dublin); of No. 3016 from C. E. Perugini, Clement C. Danby, John Kelly (Glasgow), A. Nery de Vasconcellos (Portugal), C. Chambers (Biarritz), Alessandro Bolognini (Verona), T. Roberts, and Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3017 received from Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), F. Smart, Edith Corser (Reigate), Robert Bates (Dublin), E. S. (Holbeach), Reginald Gordon, G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Clement C. Danby, C. E. Perugini, W. J. Wheatley (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Thomas M. Eglinton (Handsworth), Emile Frau (Lyons), J. F. Moon, W. D. Easton (Sunderland), Hereward, R. Worters (Canterbury), F. J. S. (Hampstead), Alpha, G. W. Warrington, Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), F. Brophy, Alessandro Bolognini (Verona), L. Desanges, Martin F. T. Colledge (Halliburton (Jedburgh), H. Le Jeune, W. Kedgley (Forest Gate), Shadforth, J. W. (Campsie), F. W. Young (Shaftesbury), W. A. Lillico (Edinburgh), Arthur Pontin (Southsea), J. W. Ensor (Cardiff), John Kelly (Glasgow), and T. Roberts.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3016.—By F. HEALEY.

WHITE.

1. P to Kt 4th
2. Kt to K B 5th
3. Q takes B, mate.

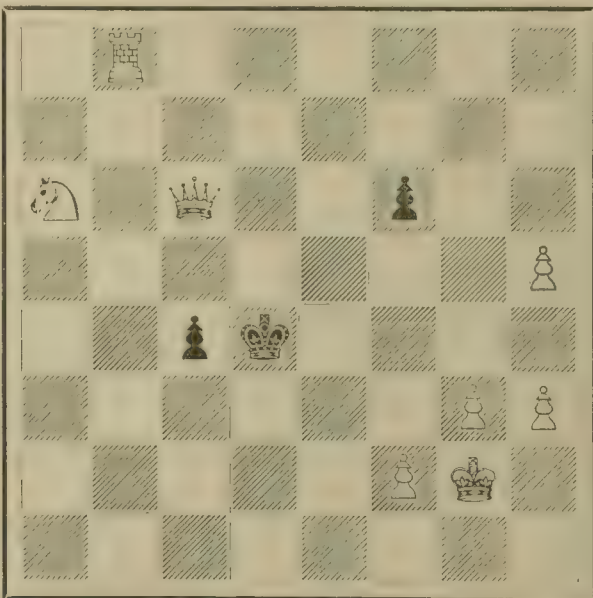
BLACK.

- R to Q sq
- K takes R

If Black play 1. R takes P, 2. R takes B (ch); and if 1. B to B 6th, then 2. Q takes P (ch), and Q mates next move.

PROBLEM No. 3010.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played at the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. W. WARD and T. B. GIRDLESTONE.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)

BLACK (Mr. G.)

1. P to Q 4th

2. P to Q B 4th

3. P takes P

4. Kt to Q B 3rd

5. Kt to B 3rd

6. P to K 3rd

7. Q to Kt 3rd

8. B to B 4th

9. Castles

10. P to K 4th

11. Kt takes P

12. Kt to Kt 5th

13. R to K sq

14. Kt takes Kt

15. B to K 3rd

16. B to K 2nd

17. Q R to B sq

18. Q to B 2nd

19. Q to Kt sq

20. P to Q R 3rd

21. B to Q 3rd

22. Kt to B 5th

23. R takes B

P to Q 4th

P to K B 4th

Q takes P

Q to Q sq

P to K 3rd

Kt to K B 3rd

Kt to Q 4th

Kt to Q 2nd

P takes P

B to K 2nd

Q Kt to B 3rd

Kt takes Kt

Castles

P to Q Kt 4th

P to Q R 4th

P to R 5th

Kt to Kt 5th

B to Q 2nd

Kt to Q 4th

P to R 3rd

B takes Kt

Q to B 3rd

Q to B 3rd

R to B 2nd

R to K sq

P to Kt 5th

Q to Kt 5th

P to R 5th

Q to Kt 5th

P to Kt 5th

P to Kt 5th

P to Kt 5th

P to Kt 5th

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P to Kt 5th

P to Kt 5th

P to Kt 5th

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P to Kt 5th

P to Kt 5th

P to Kt 5th

WHITE (Mr. W.)

BLACK (Mr. G.)

29. B to Kt 3rd

30. B takes P

31. Q to K 2nd

32. Q to K B 2nd

33. Q to Q B 2nd

34. B to K 5th

35. P to R 4th

36. Q to B 2nd

37. Q to B 2nd

38. Q to Q 2nd

39. P to R 5th

40. Q takes Q (ch)

41. B to K 4th

42. P to R 6th

43. B to Kt 7th

44. B takes R

45. P to K Kt 3rd

46. P takes P

47. R to K 3rd

48. Q R to K 5th

49. R to K 7th

50. R takes R

51. P to R 7th (ch)

Resigns.

Resigns.

Resigns.

Resigns.

Resigns.

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Resigns.

P takes P

P takes P

Q to Kt 4th

Q to Kt 3rd

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NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

OUR COURSING MEETING.

BY AN EAST ANGLIAN SPORTSMAN.

Though there is an excellent foxhound pack, run by one of the wealthiest men in the district, and though there are foxes in numbers that make the hardest-riding farmers grumble at times, hunting is not sufficiently in favour round Maychester to make coursing suffer. Local sportsmen with a few pounds to spend and a long time to spare, manage to give a day to shooting and a day to hunting in the week, and when there is a coursing meet on the marshes, they generally go there too. To be sure, I have heard them complain that farming is not what it used to be; but shooting, hunting, and coursing do not seem to have deteriorated: they never grumble about them. I have heard men express doubts about the possibilities of following hounds, birds, and farming at the same time; but we are inclined to be sportsmen in our part of the world in spite of everything, and if sacrifices must be made, the farm must bear them. One or two heroes have dropped out of the ranks of farming in my own time, but they beg or borrow a mount of some kind when the foxhounds meet in Market Square, their dogs compete on the marshes, and as for shooting, everybody is glad to offer them a day's sport, they are such pretty shots.

Our coursing meetings, though small, are a great success. There are countless acres of marsh beyond the village; some of the tenants or owners of the land are keen followers of coursing, and a meeting is always easily arranged. A date is fixed, the news goes from village to village, the secretary is as busy as the hunt committee that settles farmers' claims, and on the appointed day there is so much excitement that half the farm-labourers decline to work, and take a holiday. Wages in our part are not high enough to justify holidays, but the men will not be denied, and "Missus" must set things right, they "reckon"; perhaps they will spend a trifle less at the Wheatsheaf to help her. At the same time, it must not be thought that the Wheatsheaf suffers through a coursing meeting. On the contrary, it flourishes as a green bay-tree. The large van leaves its yard at about ten o'clock in the morning loaded with refreshment, liquid and solid; it returns long before dusk, quite empty. Few things provoke hunger and thirst so much as a day on the marshes when the sun is shining, a sea-breeze is blowing, and both hounds and hares are living up to their reputation.

Soon after eight o'clock you can meet hounds coming along in charge of their master, and very delicate, dainty creatures they are. There is a sojourn at the Wheatsheaf, short or long, according to the time of day, and then dogs and leaders proceed through the street, past the garden-gates where all the women and children have assembled, and through the fields to the edge of the low-lying marshland, where the grass is long and lush, capable of fattening cattle and sheep and hiding countless hares.

There is a moment of eager anticipation when the curiously mixed company that assembles on the edge of the marshlands is moving to the starting-place, and we are waiting for the first hare to be put up. Before us the marshlands stretch to the estuary; right and left in the far distance one sees the red-tiled roofs of the Land-shire farmhouses; there is no stand or shelter of any description for the company, and no refreshment, save what has come in the cart from the Wheatsheaf. I often wonder what the patrons of the great coursing meetings would think of our rough-and-ready methods. The judge is on horseback, and the majority of the company are on foot; the carts have been banked at the edge of the land. The first pair of hounds, duly leashed, is in the charge of the local baker, who is reputed to be an expert slipper. Everybody is on the *qui vive*.

See! a hare has been started out of its form in the shelter of the patch of grass my near neighbour calls a "tussock." The first pair of hounds, having seen their quarry, strain at leash until puss has her "law," some sixty yards, it seems to me, from where I am. Then they are slipped, and we follow the splendid flight over the level land. To those of us who do not understand the intricacies of the points, it is simply an affair of a chase; but the judges are not limited to the man on horseback, and there are three-quarters or more out of the 170 people present who know that the second hound has scored a "go-by" by passing his competitor in a straight run. It seems to be long odds on the dogs; they diminish the hare's start, and reduce it to nothingness, and then the foremost one endeavours to kill. At the exact moment the hare turns, and the dog, to quote his aggrieved master's remark, "rolls over his own blamed self." It is what is called a "trip." The hound soon recovers and returns to his work, not before the cunning hare, by another adroit turn, has put the other dog out of immediate action. Now the odds seem in favour of the hare; she is making right away for the sea-wall, on whose far side no hounds would find her, but at the last moment the dog that failed in his first attempt gets within striking distance and tries again, this time with success. There are many expressions of approval, many explanations of the dogs' behaviour, but all are agreed that the killer did well to get into his stride so soon after a failure that was so pronounced.

The morning passes with varying luck; several hares are killed, but many get away; more than once the dogs put up a fresh hare while they are running, and then the performance that follows is recorded as "no course." But as the morning yields to the afternoon, and losing dogs are eliminated, there are very few competitors left, and before two o'clock the final course decides the winner. Then the discussions are resumed; dogs, hares, judge, slipper are criticised freely; small bets are paid; the old statement that coursing beats fox-hunting is made and contradicted; the weather-worn vehicles are requisitioned; and the horses are brought from the neighbouring sheds, stables, barns, and outhouses that have sheltered them. Hounds are led off, carefully covered against the cold; the last lot of Wheatsheaf provisions goes the way of the first, and Maychester goes home happy, to tell the story of the day's meeting with such embellishments as fancy may suggest.

“THE·SUN·NEVER·SETS”

THE WHOLE WORLD OVER

UPON THE MILLIONS CONSUMING

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER



The unfailing resource of every successful housekeeper.
NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

LADIES' PAGES.

Many of the theories that most obtain about "woman" are contradicted by experience—that teacher whose lessons are flattered by the adage which declares their power to make even fools wise. The unfortunate outbreak of smallpox in London and the name of the Lord Mayor curiously combine to remind me of one illustration of the falsity of the impression that women are narrow-minded and opposed to all innovations, however reasonable those novelties in the way of life may appear. The curious conjunction of smallpox and my Lord Mayor is this: That it was a woman, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who introduced inoculation into this country, and it was the ancestor of the present Lord Mayor who performed the operation in question on the Empress Catherine the Great of Russia and her son and heir, by the success of which inoculation was introduced into Russia. Thus the two women named were really, in their respective nations, the first to brave personal danger and the adverse criticism of prejudice. The operation of inoculation, which consisted in artificially giving a mild dose of the disease itself to a healthy person, who could stand it well enough generally to render it safe, was not altogether free from peril; occasionally people died or were made very ill by undergoing inoculation. Characteristically, the great Empress, knowing the sensation that her death or severe illness would produce among her people, took thought for the safety of her physician. Relays of horses were provided for his carriage on the route to leave the country, and it was arranged by her that if she should display any unfavourable symptoms, the physician should instantly flee from Russia for his own security—admirable kindness to add to the courage of enduring the operation. The Empress conferred on the physician the title of "Baron"; and the Lord Mayor showed how he values the ancestral record by dressing his little daughter after a portrait of the great Catherine for the Children's Fancy-Dress Ball at the Mansion House. Of course, inoculation was long ago superseded by vaccination.

Apropos of the readiness of women to adopt any innovation that can plead reason, have my readers observed how many distinguished women have selected cremation as the method of disposing of their own remains after death? It has been quite a surprise even to me, for there is no matter in which sentiment plays so strong a part, and the idea of being laid to rest in a flowery plot where the loved ones left behind may come to remember sometimes and weep for a few moments for the loved and lost is altogether the most poetic and pleasing. But the arguments of sanitation and real refinement are all in favour of cremation, and many eminent women have quickly admitted it as a last act of duty to the living to choose that method of disposing of the shell from which life has fled. No



COAT TRIMMED WITH VELVET AND LACE.

remains can be cremated in this country unless the person has so ordered it while living.

Every humane woman cares about children. Yet how ignorant or careless are some of those on whom the actual responsibility has been laid by circumstances! The Home Secretary has called attention to the appalling fact that the records of coroners' inquests show that the average of little children perishing daily by the most awful of deaths—that by fire—is at least two in England alone, and probably more. The coroners who made a return had held nearly nine hundred inquests in each of the last two years on children so destroyed; but not all the coroners had replied to the inquiry, so that this was below the actual number. Is it not awful? It is, of course, quite impossible for a poor mother to remain in constant attendance on her children. She must go out of the room in which they are; she must even sometimes run out of the house to make some necessary purchase. But in most rooms, however poor, where children must be left alone, it would be possible to have some sort of fireguard placed if the imminence of the danger were realised. This would stop the majority of these dreadful deaths. Some cases are caused in other ways: a child gets hold of a box of matches and sets himself on fire, or lights a bit of paper and deliberately, though, of course, ignorantly, puts the flame against the clothing of a younger infant. But the coroners state that the great majority of the cases are shown in evidence to have been caused by the child approaching the fire too closely to reach something off the mantelshelf, or to warm itself, or in running about at play. Well, then, what is wanted for prevention is a fireguard; and I refer to the matter specially to point out to ladies visiting among the poor that this is an accessory to the home that might be properly supplied as a gift, or would often be obtained by the parents if the necessity were kindly and politely brought to their notice, with such a dreadful truth as that to which I am referring to enforce the need. The Ladies' Sanitary Association of Birmingham used to make the supply of fireguards one of their special efforts. They induced a manufacturer to produce a very cheap but effectual form of wire guard, and in their visits to the homes of the poor they would urge this article being purchased, and when the small expense seemed impossible they would give it to the mother. I hardly realised the importance of the matter when this was told me by that beautiful-hearted woman, the late Miss Susan Martineau, who was the life and soul of that association in the days of its first formation, when it did so much good that the Health Committee of the Town Council formally reported that the teachings and assistance of the ladies of that society were partly to be awarded the credit of the diminution in the city's death-rate. But now, after reading the awful statement of the coroners, and realising the horror of these many children's deaths by burning, it seems to me as if the good women who are helping the poor all over

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"Prince's Plate." Sterling Silver.
2 pints ... £8 15 0 ... £25 0 0



Sterling Silver Tea and Coffee Service, richly Hand-Chased in style of Louis XIV.

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Coffee Pot, 2½ pints ...	£5 15 0	£12 0 0
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TO THE COUNTRY
ON APPROVAL.



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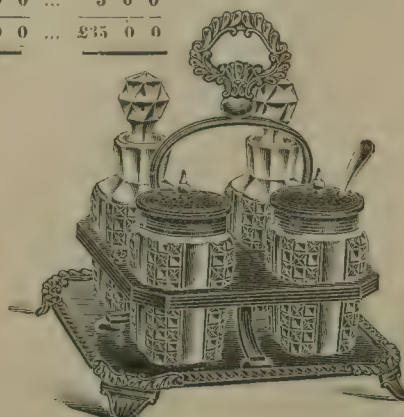
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7 in. ...	£5 10 0	£3 5 0
10 " ...	8 0 0	4 5 0
13 " ...	12 0 0	5 15 0



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With Plain Body ... 4 5 0
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The extremely nourishing qualities of Van Houten's Cocoa recommend it for children. It is a powerful aid in promoting the growth and strength of the young. It furnishes the necessary material for forming blood, brain, bone and muscle. Children and adults love it, because it is so nice. Suitable at all times, in all places, at all seasons, and easily and rapidly made ready. If "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," then also the mothers who nourish their children with Van Houten's Cocoa, lay the foundation for a future sturdy nation.

Don't forget to order it from the Grocer next time.

the country should have their attention turned to this as a first necessity for the preservation and safety of life in homes where infants are found. The more busy and overburdened the mother, the more necessary a mechanical protection from fire is to her little children. Another point to be impressed is the desirability of avoiding inflammable stuff for pinafores, especially flannelette and muslin.

Talking of the health of children, it is not a subject for jesting that the American invasion of the tobacco trade is immensely encouraging the habit of smoking by little boys. I suppose that even a man who is an inveterate smoker himself admits that it is a dangerous habit for boys; that it checks their growth in body, and makes them indolent, dull, and feeble in mind. I rejoice in every fact that shows that women are progressing, of course, but we certainly do not want to see our girls grow comparatively more important to the world by the deterioration of the stronger sex. Cannot something be done by fathers and teachers of their own sex to show the little boys who spend their halfpence on these mischievous packets of bad tobacco that smoking is a fatal habit for a growing lad? Mothers are so helpless in such matters; the boys so soon begin to want to be "manly," and to jeer at the opinion of a woman on the proceedings of the other sex! But a boy will listen to a man. Legislation may be needed. The law forbidding children to be served with beer in unsealed bottles, in case they took a sip in carrying it home, is straining at a gnat; while the penny packets of cigarettes are allowed as the camel of tradition, so far as mischief goes.

It is curious to see fashions returning on themselves so rapidly as they have been doing lately. The big sleeves of the evening coats are perhaps accounted for by the pullings and pleatings that undersleeves may possibly possess. But the return of the Russian blouse form is not so readily explained. Here it is to be seen, however, just the same as it was when it was amidst us before, some four or five years ago—the full sleeves set into a rather deep cuff, the fastening up the left side and the trimming there only, with the bloused effect falling over a belt, and a short basque visible beneath the waistband. This style is being made in corded silk for early spring outdoor coats. Velvet, again, is not too much for chilly windy days, and this is constructed for outdoor or indoor wear in the Russian shape also. The trimming is usually jet, or jet and steel, or tiny gold bead embroideries. Fancy galons in the subdued tones and yet rich colours of the national taste of Russia are sometimes used on velvet. The most fashionable shape for the waistbelt is wide behind and narrow in front.

Here are some beautiful new models for evening wear. A pink mousseline-de-soie, accordion-pleated, is entirely covered with another plain skirt of pale blue mousseline; the effect is peculiar and charming, like that of a sunset cloud in the tenderest days of summer



COAT OF LIGHT CLOTH FOR SPRING WEAR.

skies. The two skirts are fastened together with motifs of lace that are dotted all over, and these are lightly embroidered with tiny gold sequins. A white satin slip forms the foundation for the whole, and there is a moderate train of all the three together. The corsage is of the pale blue mousseline-de-soie over white satin, the pink forming a frill for berthe, and also frilled sleeves, both completely covered by lace dotted with tiny blue and gold-spangled flowers in ribbon embroidery; some of the same embroidery in lines trims down the corsage, leaving a slight puffing between them like a vest; the front is very pointed, and the back short to the waist. Another equally splendid ball-gown is in white tulle over white satin, studded profusely with gold paillettes, and trimmed up to above the knee at intervals all round with pointed sprays of black velvet roses and buds—wide at the feet, narrowing to the top—encrusted with lace and spangled with gold. The corsage is plain and tight-fitting, but is draped across with a scarf of white chiffon going from shoulder to waist at each side, crossing at the bust, with a bouquet of the black velvet and gold-flecked roses at the left side; and a diamond necklace is to be sewn down the square opening on the right side from the shoulder till it meets the brooches in the centre. A third is entirely black. There is an overskirt of the corselet description composed of crêpe-de-Chine elaborately embroidered in iridescent blue and silver sequins. It is cut into a point at both back and front. The underskirt with its sweeping train is of accordion-pleated chiffon. The corsage is also of chiffon embroidered round the décolletage, and drooping slightly over the top of the skirt. The upper portion of the sleeves is formed of a lattice-work of black velvet ribbon, embroidered with sequins. This ends on a level with the décolletage, and from there hang full puffs of chiffon, held in at the wrist by a tiny cuff.

A couple of charming three-quarter-length coats are shown in our Illustrations this week. The first is in light cloth, elaborately strapped and stitched. The large cuffs and revers are of velvet, with thick lace appliqué. Down each side of the front ornaments of jet are placed. The hat designed for wear with this coat is of fancy straw, trimmed with velvet and white feathers. The second is also in light cloth with rows of stitching. The revers are of velvet edged with cloth. Near the edge of the coat runs a wide band of lace. The hat is of cloth decorated by black feathers under the brim.

One of the greatest difficulties in any case of illness is to provide suitable nourishment for the patient. The preparations of Messrs. Benger are admirable for this purpose, being very pleasant to the taste as well as highly nutritive. Benger's Food has long been in high favour with mothers as an entirely satisfactory food for their little ones, rendering them both strong and healthy, and it is also unsurpassed for aged people and invalids. It is extensively recommended by the medical profession. FILOMENA.



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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Dr. Perowne, the late Bishop of Worcester, has taken up his residence at Southwick Park, Tewkesbury, and is among the Sunday morning worshippers at the Abbey.

Bishop Gore has been the guest of Dean Forrest at Worcester since he arrived for his enthronement on Monday evening. For some time to come he will reside at St. Martin's Rectory, as he wishes to be in close touch with the work in the Cathedral city, and also in Birmingham.

The consecration of Dr. Gore at Worcester on Feb. 23, instead of at Westminster, meant a decrease of pomp in ceremonial, but it ensured a gain in certainly diminishing the chances of unseemly interruption. The ceremony passed off quietly in presence of a small congregation. Dr. Temple officiated. After the sermon by Canon Moberly, the King's mandate was read, and Dr. Gore took the oath of canonical obedience.

The Rev. W. H. Griffith Thomas has left London for a seven weeks' tour in the Holy Land. He was invited to be the leader of a party of Bible students journeying to Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, and Greece.

The first Sunday in Lent was Bishop Quirk's opening Sunday in Sheffield. In the afternoon he addressed the large Bible Class at All Saints', Ellesmere Road, which is one of the most striking features of Sheffield Church life. In his address to the artisans he quoted John Burns, describing him as "that eloquent orator and working-man." In the evening the Bishop preached at the Parish Church on behalf of voluntary schools.

The *Record*, commenting on Canon Cremer's interesting experiment in inviting representatives of various Nonconformist churches to speak in Eccles Parish Church, expresses regret that he has thought fit again to include a Unitarian in his list. It is said that but for reasons of health, the Rev. Dr. Maclaren, of

Manchester, and Dr. John Watson, of Liverpool, would have been among the lecturers. The addresses are given from the lectern after the evening service.

The Bishop of Liverpool is giving his cordial support to the work of the Christian Social Union. In a recent address in the Cathedral Church of St. Peter, Liverpool, he defended in eloquent words the gospel of social

lived to see the rise and fall of the South African Republic, and the annexation of the country by Lord Roberts in 1900. It is hoped that Dr. Bousfield's successor will be a young and vigorous man, as it will be no easy task to reorganise the diocese after the war.

There is a steady development of industrial missions in various African centres. Bishop Tugwell has decided to assume the full responsibility of work of this kind at Onitsha, on the Niger. He will take over all the industrial work previously done thereby the C.M.S., and hopes greatly to develop it.

Canon Armitage Robinson is taking the chief burden of the Lenten services at Westminster Abbey. Canon Gore has been sadly missed during the present season. Bishop Weldon is a convinced Protestant, and an eloquent speaker, but he shines more on the platform than in the pulpit; while Canon Robinson, cultured and scholarly as he is, can never be a preacher for the masses.

The living of St. Barnabas, Oxford, which has been so long vacant, has been accepted by the Rev. Cyril Hallett, M.A., of Oriel College. For the last five years Mr. Hallett has been senior curate at All Saints', Notting Hill.

The Great Eastern Railway Company announce an improved Continental service. On and after May 1, passengers leaving Liverpool Street Station at 8.30 p.m., and travelling via the Hook of Holland, will reach Cologne at 12.2 p.m.; and departing at 12.44 p.m., will be due at Munich at 11.30 p.m., instead of 7.6 a.m. the following morning. In the other direction the service will be greatly accelerated.

The Orient Steam Navigation Company announce that they will despatch their steam-ship *Cusco* from Tilbury for Spithead on June 27 to witness the Royal Naval Review and inspection of the fleet by the King. The day after the review the *Cusco* will steam round the fleet previous to returning to London.



THE CREW FOR THE KAISER'S NEW YACHT: OFFICERS AND MEN WHO SERVED ON BOARD THE FORMER YACHT, "METEOR."

The crew of the "Meteor" will proceed to America to bring back the new yacht.

service. A movement is wanted, Dr. Chavasse said, which will emphasise the duty of personal service, and teach us to carry the sense of that duty into the home, the municipality, and Parliament. Business life, he added, offers a magnificent field in which to serve God and man.

The late Bishop of Pretoria was appointed to his see in 1878, when the Transvaal was British territory. He

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Sir Andrew Clark's invariable advice was: "Let the patient have Schweitzer's Cococatina, if you please."

The *LANCET* says: "This is genuine cocoa, contains no sugar, starch, or other adulteration. It is very soluble. An excellent article."

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The Most Efficacious Remedy for Diseases of the

CHEST, THROAT, DEBILITY, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, RICKETS, &c.

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Unlike any other remedy you have tried.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 30, 1899) of Mr. John Crosfield, of Walton Lea, Walton Superior, Chester, chairman of Messrs. Joseph Crosland and Sons, Limited, Warrington, who died on Dec. 26, was proved on Feb. 18 by Arthur Henry Crosfield and Joseph John Crosfield, the sons, and Thomas Joseph Ridgway, the executors, the value of the estate being £155,490. The testator gives £1000 to his wife, Mrs. Gertrude Jane Crosfield; £1000 to Mrs. Letitia Dickson; ten £10 ordinary shares in Brunner, Mond, and Co. each to Mary Dickson and Eleanor Letitia Dickson; £100 to Mrs. Mary Thomas; £100 to Karl Emil Markel; £100 each to his sisters and his executors; and £1000 to the Warrington Infirmary and Dispensary. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his children, Constance Eleanor, Aileen Harriet, George Rowlandson, and Gertrude Hudson, but his sons are to have the option of purchasing his residence for £15,000.

The will (dated April 3, 1894) of Mr. John Thistlewood Davenport, of 33, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, and 13, Eaton Gardens, Hove, who died on Dec. 29, was proved on Feb. 7 by Montague Davenport, the son, and

Miss Cecilia Davenport, the daughter, two of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £113,515. The testator bequeaths £500 to his brother Augustus; £300 to his assistant, Thomas Sherburn; £100 to his coachman, Thomas Smallwood; and his interest in Nos. 33 and 34, Great Russell Street, with the business of a chemist carried on there, but not including the manufacture of chlorodyne, to his son Horace. He gives the chemical preparation called "chlorodyne," with the recipe, right of manufacture, plant, and his capital employed therein, to his son Horace, upon trust, as to one third for himself and two thirds between all testator's other children. The residue of his property he leaves to his children in equal shares.

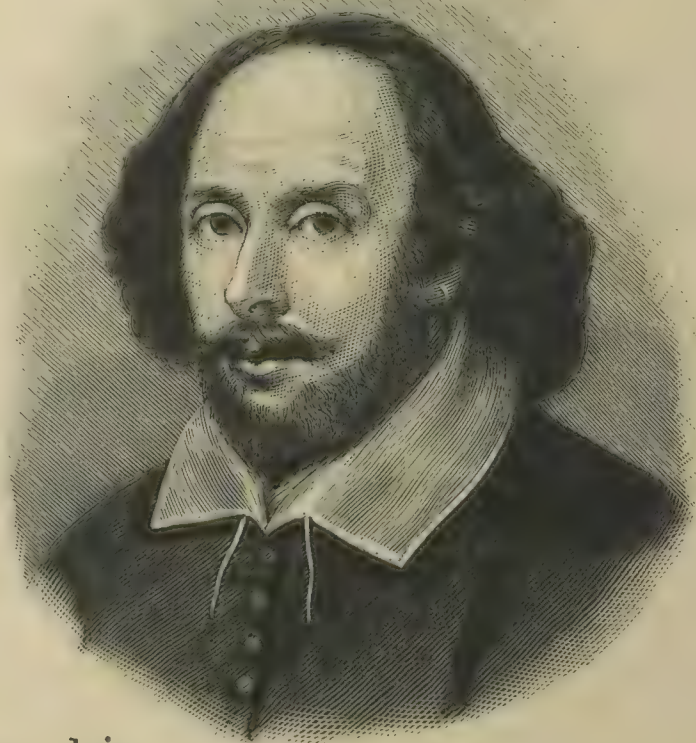
The will (dated Nov. 15, 1894) of Mr. William Hughes-Hughes, J.P., D.L., of the Inner Temple, and 5, Highbury Quadrant, who died on Jan. 7, was proved on Feb. 14 by Montagu Edward Hughes-Hughes and Augustus Hughes-Hughes, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £64,825. The testator appoints 88 and 89, Hatton Garden, and his interest in two indentures made in 1871, to his son Augustus; £12,000 to his son Arthur Lindsay; and all other

property over which he has a power of appointment to his sons Augustus and Arthur Lindsay and his daughter, Edith Ellen Oldham. He bequeaths £2000 and his household furniture to his daughter; ten shares in the Falkland Island Company to his son Augustus; and his leasehold premises in Highbury Quadrant to his daughter and son Arthur Lindsay. The residue of his property he leaves to his three youngest children, Augustus, Arthur Lindsay, and Edith Ellen Oldham.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1899), with a codicil (dated Jan. 21, 1901), of Mr. Walter Herbert Morgan, of Pontypridd, vice-chairman of the Glamorgan County Council, who died on July 29 last, was proved on Jan. 30 at the Llandaff District Registry by Mrs. Catherine Jane Morgan, the widow, William Morgan, and the Rev. Llewellyn Arnott Rees, the executors, the value of the estate being £60,545. The testator leaves all his property upon various trusts and conditions for his wife and family.

The will (dated Dec. 15, 1893), with a codicil (dated May 22, 1901), of Mr. Dudley Edward Saurin, of 37, Prince's Gate, who died on Nov. 1, was proved on Feb. 13 by Arthur Edward Nicholas Saurin, the nephew,

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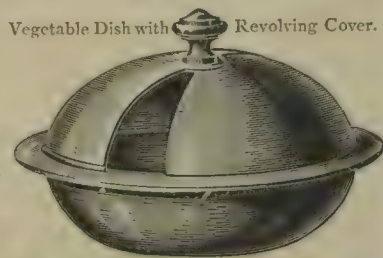


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and Herbert Dering Haslewood, the executors, the value of the estate being £50,066. The testator gives all his real estate to his nephew; £1000 to his goddaughter, Osyth Hervey; £200 to H. D. Haslewood; the plate, pictures, and ornamental china to his sister, Mary Frances Saurin; £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter, Elene Marie Francesca Saurin; £500 to his valet, Frederick Smith; an annuity of £50 to his housemaid, Louisa Addicot; and £1000 to Mrs. Eva Beville. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his sister for life, and then for his said nephew.

The will (dated Dec. 12, 1901) of Mr. Thomas Mellodew, of Moorside House, Moorside, Oldham, head of the firm of Thomas Mellodew and Co., cotton manufacturers, who died on Jan. 4, was proved on Feb. 13 by Mrs. Emma Jane Mellodew, the widow, and Thomas Mellodew and James Arthur Mellodew, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £48,096. The testator bequeaths £4000, upon trust, for his son Percy Roland and his issue; £100 each to his executors; 300 £10 shares of Thomas Mellodew and Co. each to his children, Thomas, James Arthur, John Hardy, and Ada Alexandra; and £500, his

household effects, horses and carriages, and the income, for life, of the residue of his property to his wife. Subject thereto, his estate and effects are to be divided between his children.

The will (dated April 7, 1898) of the Right Hon. Sir James Parker Deane, K.C., Vicar-General of the Province of Canterbury, of 16, Westbourne Terrace, who died on Jan. 3, was proved on Feb. 15 by Henry Bargegrave Deane, K.C., the son, and Major-General Robert Owen Jones and John Norrey's Russell, the sons-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate being £44,246. Subject to annuities of £5 each to ten grandchildren, and of £52 to Ann Bainbridge, the testator leaves all his estate and effects between his three children, Henry Bargegrave Deane, Mrs. Harriette Elizabeth Owen Jones, and Mrs. Isabella Margaret Russell.

The will (dated Sept. 21, 1896) of Mr. George Kenning, proprietor of the Freemason, of Fern Bank, West Hill, Upper Sydenham, 16, Great Queen Street, W.C., and 2, 3, and 4, Little Britain, who died on Oct. 26, was proved on Feb. 15 by Henry Mason and William Baker, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £24,987. The testator gives £300 and his household furniture to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Ann

Kenning; £50 each to his executors; two houses and £200, upon trust, for his sister Rachel Wright and her children; £100 each to Susannah Martin and Ellen Jane Hayward; and during the life of his wife an annuity of £50 to his daughter Florence while a spinster. His residuary estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his children, Frank Reginald, Florence, Mrs. Alice Mason, and Mrs. Elsie Rennie, his other son, George Henry, being already provided for.

The will (dated April 15, 1898), with a codicil (dated March 29, 1900), of Lady Sophia Georgiana Cecil, widow of Lord Thomas Cecil, and daughter of the fourth Duke of Richmond, of 6, Granville Place, Portman Square, who died on Jan. 17, aged ninety-two, was proved on Feb. 18 by the Marquis of Exeter and Charles Gibbons May, the executors, the value of the estate being £21,386. The testatrix gives £250 each to her nieces, Constance Charlotte Elizabeth, widow of Sir George Russell, and the Hon. Fenella Fitzhardinge Armytage, Lady Frances Emily Cecil, Lady Louisa Alexandrina Cecil, and Frederica Charlotte, Baroness Gifford; £100 to Charles Gibbons May; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to the Marquis of Exeter.

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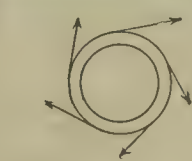
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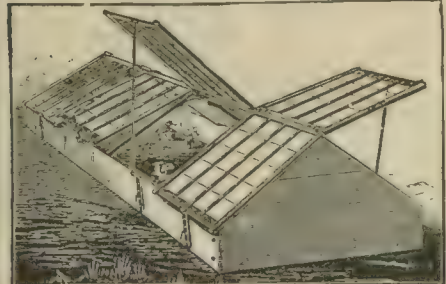
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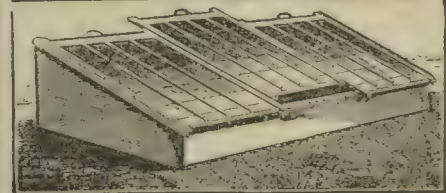
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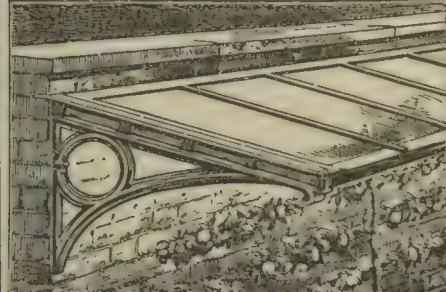
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MUSIC.

The eighth of the Ballad Concerts, held at the St. James's Hall on Wednesday, Feb. 10, was a very good one, within its limitations. The vigorous "Ho, Jolly Jenkin!" of Mr. Dalton Baker was a welcome feature of the programme, as was also his singing of "Here's a health unto His Majesty." The delicate pianoforte-playing of Herr Wilhelm left nothing to be desired. Among the less-known singers, Miss Edith Serpell is to be especially noticed for her rendering of the dainty little lyric from "The Lucky Star," "When I was a child of three"; and Miss Florence Venning for her rendering of Stephen Adams's "Sweet Genevieve." Madame Alice Gomez sang as beautifully as ever G. H. Clutsam's "Folk Song," "Tatters an' Tucks" was sung by Mr. Denham Price.

The Royal Amateur Orchestral Society gave their second concert on Feb. 19. The conductorship of Mr. Ernest Ford was conscientious and satisfactory; and the lighter music "Pomp and Circumstance" of Dr. Elgar, and Gounod's ballet-music from the "Reine de Saba"—was admirable. M. B. Oumiroff, the Russian vocalist, sang one of Karel Bendl's gypsy songs, and some interesting songs of Dvorák. Miss Florence Schmidt took the place of Madame Alice Esty, who was ill, and sang with admirable flexibility and faultless accuracy the "Légende de Clochelles" of Delibes, and Grieg's "Hidden Love."

Mr. Rudolph Loman, at his second pianoforte recital at the Salle Erard, showed considerable technique. He played the Sonata in E flat major of Beethoven, the "Carnaval" of Schumann, and some studies of Chopin,

ending the concert with Liszt's brilliant Polonaise in E major. Miss Lucie Coenen, who assisted Mr. Loman, has a beautiful voice, true, clear and sympathetic. She sang charmingly the "Morning Hymn" and "Auferstehen" of Henschel, Smulders' "On Chantent tes Vallées," and Oscar Posa's "Goldammer."

There was an interesting revival of the "Alexander Balus" of Handel at the concert of the Handel Society on Wednesday, Feb. 19, at the St. James's Hall. In 1747, after three performances, it proved so unpopular that it was put on one side until 1758. On Wednesday last it was admirably rendered; but, with the exception of one or two numbers—namely, the chorus, "O Calumny," and Cleopatra's air, "Convey me to some peaceful shore"—little haunts the ear or captivates the imagination.

M. I. H.

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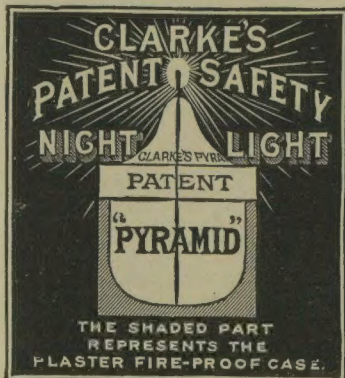


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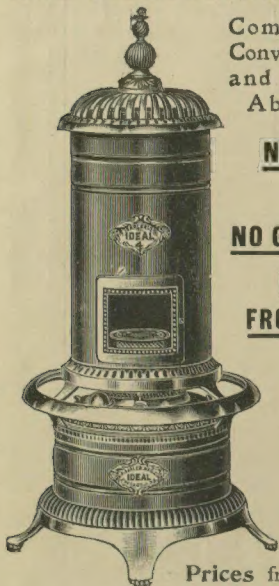
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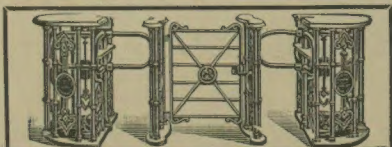
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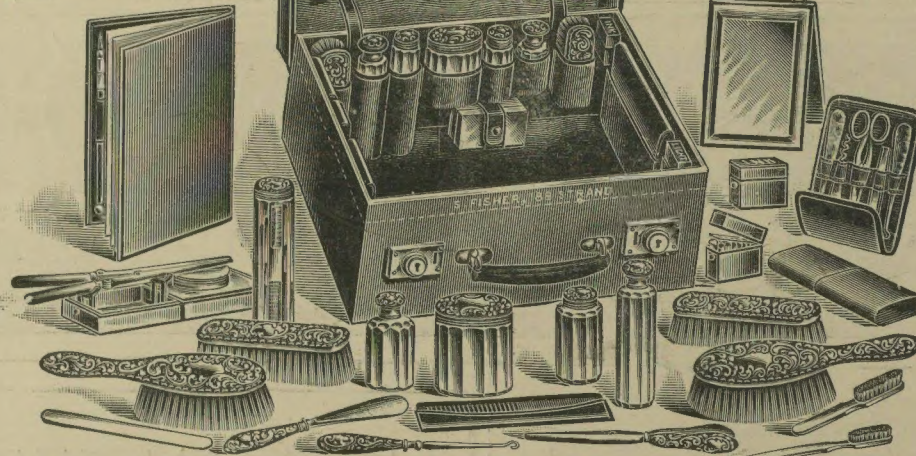


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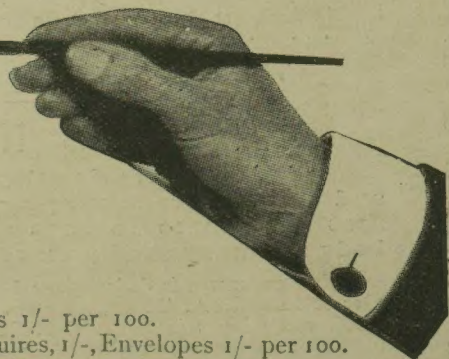
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